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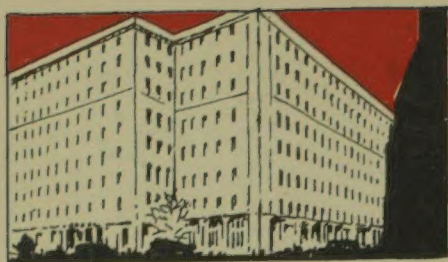
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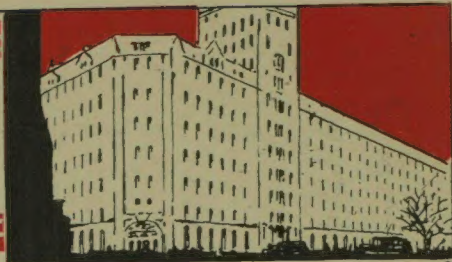
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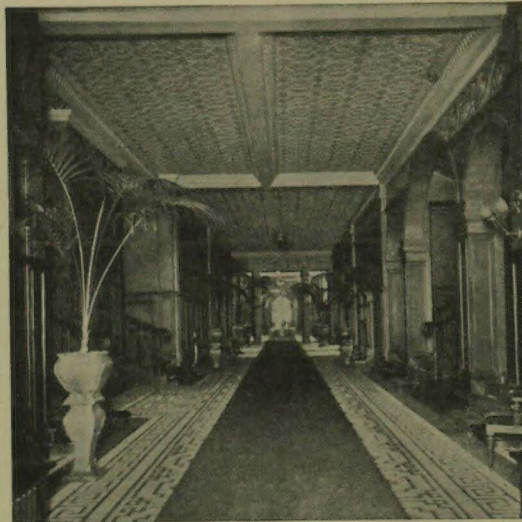
THE proprietors of this journal, recognising the increasing demand for first-class flats in or near the West End of London, have set aside this page to constitute a reliable guide for their readers. Here are given details of first-class flats, equipped with modern labour-saving devices and all the amenities of a comfortable home with the minimum amount of labour. There are flats with large rooms, wide "sun-trap" windows, constant hot water, central heating, "dust chutes," and a hundred other ingenious labour-saving devices whose merits are already proved in Berlin and New York. Roof-gardens, lounge halls where visitors may wait in comfort, porters to receive messages



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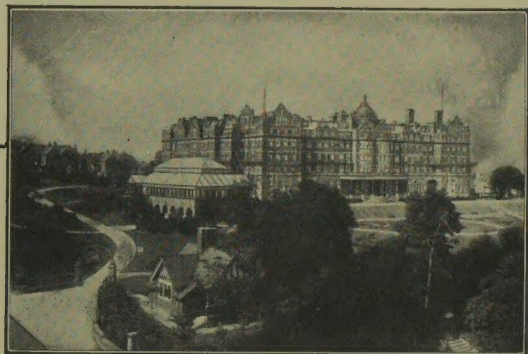
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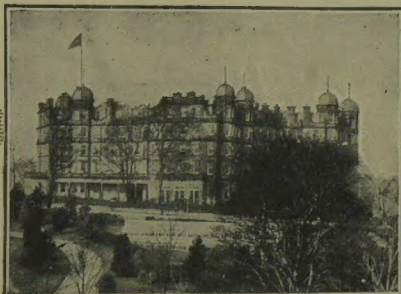
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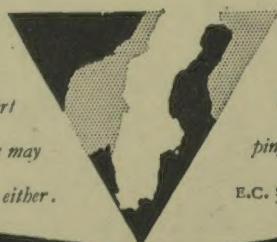
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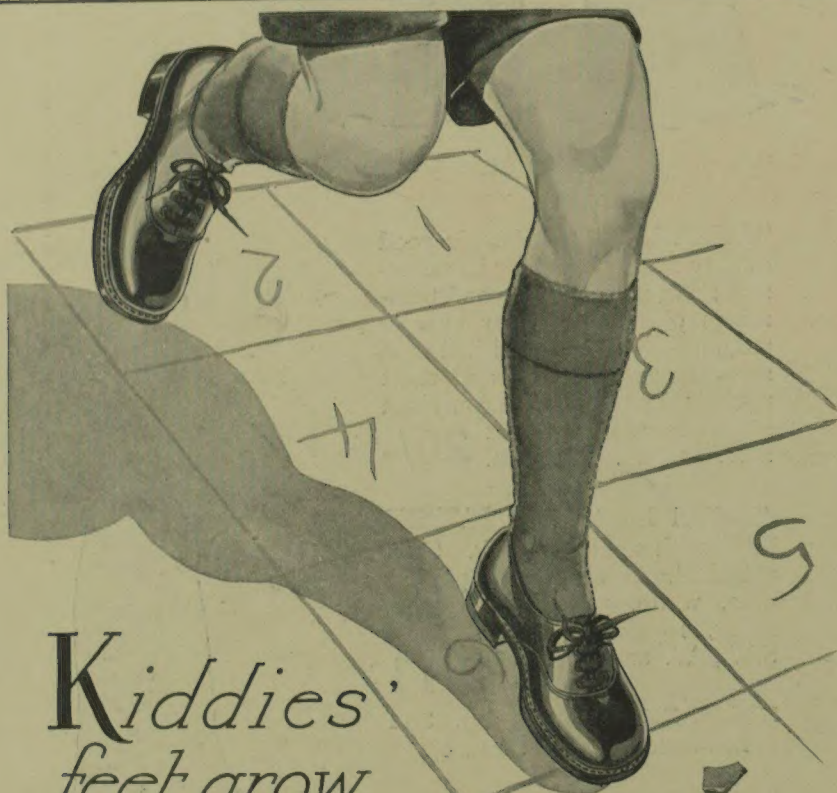
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1931.



**NOT A CASE OF INFANTICIDE—AS APPEARANCES MIGHT SUGGEST—BUT OF INFANT-FEEDING!  
A MOTHER PENGUIN GIVES HER BABY A SHRIMP BY THE MOUTH-TO-MOUTH METHOD.**

"This amusing photograph," says an explanatory note, "was taken during the recent second voyage of the British Australian New Zealand Expedition to the Antarctic, in the 'Discovery,' under the command of Sir Douglas Mawson. It shows a young Adelie penguin being fed by its parent. The food is a variety of small shrimp called *euphausia*." At first sight, the mother seems to be biting

her baby's head off! Our readers will recall that several other interesting photographs of penguin life, taken on the same voyage, appeared in our issue of May 16. Elsewhere in the present number we illustrate some remarkable icebergs seen from the ship and the strange effects of Antarctic frost on the interior of a hut left unoccupied for many years.

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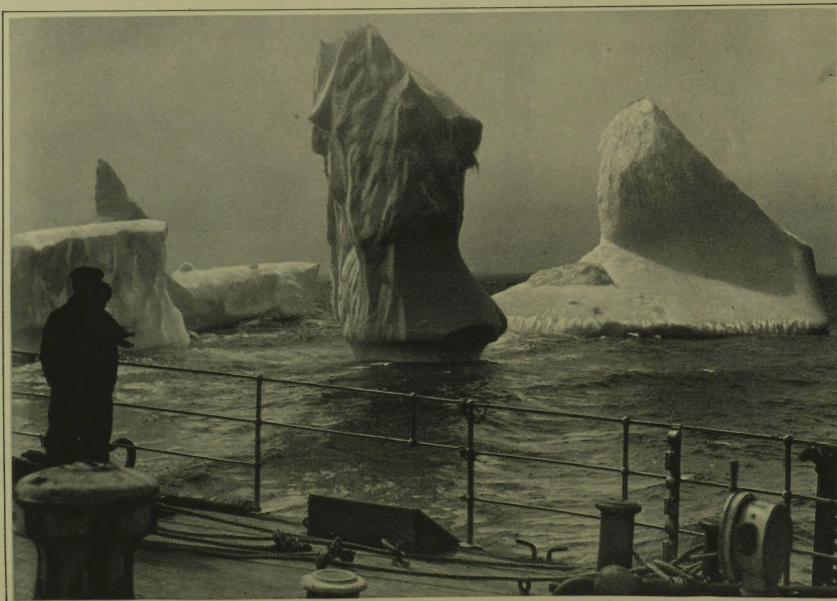


## NATURE AS SCULPTOR AND "CAMOUFLAGE" ARTIST: ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS.

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A NATURAL COUNTERPART TO THE HULL OF A SHIP CAMOUFLAGED WITH WAR-TIME "DAZZLE-PAINTING": THE GREEN-AND-WHITE STRIPED UNDERPART OF AN ICEBERG WHICH HAD JUST "TURNED TURTLE" AND CHANGED COLOUR, SEEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "DISCOVERY" (IN FOREGROUND).



A MONUMENTAL PILLAR OF ICE (IN CENTRE) ON A CIRCULAR BASE, SUGGESTING SYMBOLIC SCULPTURE IN THE MODERNIST MANNER: PARTS OF A HUGE ICEBERG IN THE LAST STAGES OF DISINTEGRATION—A CLOSE VIEW FROM THE DECK OF THE "DISCOVERY."

Sinister though they are from the mariner's point of view, icebergs possess a unique beauty and fascination from their fantastic and ever-changing shapes. Some very striking examples are shown in these photographs, taken (like that of the penguins on our front page) during the second British Australian New Zealand Expedition to the Antarctic in the "Discovery," under Sir Douglas Mawson. "One wonderful iceberg," says a description of the upper photograph,

"overturned and changed colour while the 'Discovery' was passing by. As the gleaming white mass disappeared beneath the sea, the bottom gradually arose, to reveal a remarkable display of intensely green and white bandings." Of the lower illustration it is noted: "This magnificent photograph shows the glittering ruin of the fragmentary, stump of a huge iceberg in the final stages of disintegration. Numerous cusps are seen projecting from a submerged ice-foot."

## JACK FROST, DECORATOR: AN ANTARCTIC HUT EMPTY MANY YEARS.

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DECORATIONS BY JACK FROST AND CO.: THE 1911-1914 AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION'S HUT AT CAPE DENISON, AS FOUND (AFTER IT HAD BEEN UNDEMANAGED FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS) WHEN RECENTLY REVISITED BY THE SECOND B.A.N.Z. EXPEDITION—THE KITCHEN ADORNED WITH A SCHEME OF CRYSTAL "KING" AND SNOW ARABESQUES.



SNOW SCULPTURES REMINISCENT OF THE PREHISTORIC OR THE ULTRA-MODERN MANNER: REMARKABLE FORMATIONS IN THE WORKROOM OF THE OLD HUT, AS THEY APPEARED WHEN IT WAS REVISITED AFTER HAVING BEEN LEFT EVER SINCE TO THE UNDISTURBED OPERATIONS OF JACK FROST.

"During the recent voyage of the B.A.N.Z. Mawson Expedition to the Antarctic, in the 'Discovery,'" says a note on these interesting photographs, "a landing was made at Cape Denison, King George V. Land, where, after a lapse of eighteen years, Sir Douglas Mawson revisited the old winter quarters of his Australian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-1914. No foot had been set inside the hut since 1914, and when the door was forced a remarkable scene was displayed.

Jack Frost had covered bunks, shelves, utensils, and everything else with layers of scintillating crystals and snow arabesques." The upper picture shows "a general view in the kitchen, where Jack Frost had been icing on a large scale"; the lower illustration gives "a glimpse of the workroom, encumbered with delicate festoons of snow." In the right-hand formation, there is vague suggestion of a human figure, in the prehistoric or ultra-modern style of sculpture.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ON re-reading something I wrote here about the most modern poetry, especially touching the ancient riddle of Sense and Sound, I am not sure that I made myself clear. And, as I am not now writing the most modern poetry, I may be allowed to be clear. Clarity will be permissible, or at least pardonable. By the way (if I may mention it in parenthesis) does anybody know why it is now the fashion to be very extravagant in poetry and very sober in prose? There are individuals, of course, like Mr. James Joyce or Miss Gertrude Stein, whose prose may be said to be of doubtful sobriety. But some of the ablest of the rising, or recently risen, authors seem to have something like a dual personality in prose and verse. The prose-writing of Mr. Osbert Sitwell is not especially Sitwellian, as the term is applied to his poetry. It is well written, but rather on the old principle that a book well written should be as unobtrusive as a man well dressed. It is in the Sitwellian poesy that the average reader is apt to be startled by strange sights; by woolly roses or hairy clouds. Mr. T. S. Eliot's wildest verses do, indeed, have rhythm, too much rhythm; really (as the phrase goes) making the head go round, and suggesting a cosy life in the hollow heart of a cyclone or a whirlpool. But there is nothing of this in his essays; which are rather cautious and reticent than otherwise. Indeed, when he does make an epigram (and a very good one) he is so ashamed of it that he hides it at the end of a minute footnote, for fear some critic or other should accuse him of brilliancy.

The same is largely true even of Mr. Aldous Huxley, so far as essay-writing is concerned. His diaries of real travel are quite sensible and unpretentious; while some of his poems are like imaginary travels in the Tropics, almost negro in their barbaric dance of death. The Victorians, who are accused of primness, had much more all-round extravagance. George Meredith was as perverse and fanciful in prose as in verse; indeed, more so. Diana of the Crossways seemed to sit not so much at the crossroads as in the heart of the labyrinth; and the Egoist juggled much more deceptively than Juggling Jerry. Some of Browning's friends complained that he was cryptic, not only in prose but in private correspondence. I am not complaining of this new method of making extremes meet. There may be a great deal to be said for it; but perhaps it means some decay of the Victorian *naturalness*, which was much more typical than the Victorian decorum. There is something to be said for Browning and Meredith, if only that they could not help writing like Meredith and Browning.

But this (as I say) is all in brackets. The matter I meant to raise concerns sense and sound in poetry. And their relation is much more subtle than even the most insanely subtle of the critics seem to understand. I took the familiar example of a famous line in Milton, which has always had that inexplicable fascination so often found in the purely classical style. Oddly enough, it is in the rational lines of Virgil or Milton, much more than in the extra-rational lines either of the Merediths or the Sitwells, that we feel the final mystery of song; the something that instantly gives delight and escapes from definition; the thing of which we say: "I cannot tell, for the life of me, why that is so good as it is." I cannot tell, for the life of me, why the line "Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved" is as good as it is. Yet it is perfectly straightforward; it merely mentions a cape and a mountain, and adds the somewhat superfluous information that they are not removed. The only thing I am quite sure about is that the sense

depends on the sound and the sound depends on the sense. It actually would not sound the same, if another meaning were expressed by the same sound. It actually would not mean as much, if other words expressed the same meaning. It would be easy enough to try the experiment in a rough and ready way. It is obvious that, if we wrote "Like Beachy Head or Snowdon unremoved," it would not be within a thousand miles of the thing; though Beachy Head is a cape and Snowdon is a mountain. What is not quite so obvious is that the converse is also true. It might be too lightly inferred that the mere noise of the names is alone majestic. It might be even suggested that the down-rushing dactyl of "Teneriffe" has some faint echo of words like "terrible" or "towering," and that the sound is the secret. But

etiquette he had come on the fact that men in the eighteenth century drank a wine called Teneriffe, apparently an alternative to port, or Madeira. Thackeray says, I think, that it sounds like having to swallow the Matterhorn. But if it were something quite familiar, like port wine, it would sound like any other detail of the dinner-table. As for the word "Atlas," we have only to knock out the capital letter, and it means a commonplace work of reference, an ordinary book of maps. Now, suppose somebody were writing a very mild and jog-trot domestic poem in decasyllabics, rather like those poems in which Cowper celebrated the tea-urn or the cat. And suppose the particular passage explained how somebody's after-dinner table was left in a litter by negligent servants; books and wine and everything in a huffer-mugger—

His pipe and napkin, like his spectacles,  
Like snuff and toast and pen and ink  
or books,  
Like teneriffe or atlas, unremoved.

It would not make the same noise. It actually would not sound in the ear, as a matter of mere acoustics, the same. The fact of talking only about two trivial objects would, in fact, alter the actual impact of the sound upon the ear and the nerves. Nobody would be looking for a great sonorous effect, and nobody would find it. The fact that the two objects are mountains, mysterious and remote and legendary mountains, does enter irrevocably into the merely physical process; and it is the largeness of those mountains that fills the lungs and the ear.

This being so, I think there are much deeper difficulties than are now generally understood about breaking with the traditions of rhythm. I do not say it should not be done, but I do say that it is doubtful whether those who do it know what they are doing. If my own original use of this quotation was obscure, I am well aware that the whole problem is one of the deepest obscurity. But this is more or less what I meant; that I do not think we have got to anything like the bottom of the psychology—we might even say the physiology—of poetical effects; and that the old conventions of verse rested upon instincts which are perhaps indestructible, but which at least cannot be casually destroyed. It would seem that one growth can grow into another, even if they did originally have separate roots, in such a fashion as to form a single life and a new creation; and that new creation is none the less unique because it is now old. It is really beside the mark to talk about experiments which are only explosions; for, though explosions ought to be expansions, it is certain at least that they are disruptions. I do not object to experiments as such. I willingly agree that Mr. Sitwell has as much right to talk about a hairy cloud as an old poet to talk about a fleecy cloud; as much right to do what he can with the hair of a cloud as the other with the hair of a comet. But something much deeper and more mysterious is involved. The old poets had a power of mixing with their fleecy clouds and hairy comets some ancestral magic of the nature of music; by which even the quaintest of Cavalier conceits, or the most newly coined of Renaissance Latinisms, came weighted with harmonies and a historic richness that prevented them from being crude, even when they were new. It seems to me that the new poets do not try to recover that ancient wedding of sound and sense. Some of them seem to have only passed from the old Swinburnian phase of sound without sense to the later phase of non-sense without sound. But even the best of them seem to be seeking a divorce rather than a wedding.



THE THIRTEENTH "MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK" ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE STUART CASKET, WITH A TRAY CONTAINING A MODEL GARDEN OF THE PERIOD.

Special treasures in the Victoria and Albert Museum chosen for a week's isolated prominence have been illustrated in our successive issues since the first appeared in that of March 7. The Stuart Casket is the thirteenth of the series. The official description is as follows: "All the skill of Stuart embroiderers was lavished on the caskets used as trinket and work-boxes, toilet- and writing-cases (for they often contain ink- and pounce-pots besides scent-bottles). On the lid of this casket are the initials S. V., and if the S. stands for 'Sarah,' it might explain the owner's interest in the story of Abraham with which it is decorated. The scenes are rendered with charming simplicity, as in the entertainment of the Angels, and with a delicate observation of nature, as in the narrow bands of fruit, flowers, birds, and insects on the lid. The embroidery, in which button-holing is prominent, is mostly stump work on satin. The shallow tray normally found inside such caskets is here most unexpectedly transformed into a model garden of the period, enclosed by a red brick wall, and divided by paths into four beds of flowers and grass, with shrubs, fruit trees, and ivory statuettes. A well-known doll's house at Utrecht, dated to about 1680, has a similar garden; and this casket (formerly in a French collection and acquired for the Museum in 1928) certainly falls into the last quarter of the seventeenth century." We may add that the Stuart Casket was fully illustrated, in colour and otherwise, with a descriptive article by Mr. A. J. B. Wace, in our issue of March 10, 1928, on the occasion of its acquisition by the Museum.

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it is not so, though the alternative experiment might be a little more elaborate to construct. Let us have a stab at it, as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's young man said when asked if he would be a reasonable being.

Thackeray mentions somewhere, in one of his essays, that in some old cookery-book or book of



## SWIMMING CROPS: THE FLOATING GARDENS OF THE DAL LAKE, SRINAGAR.

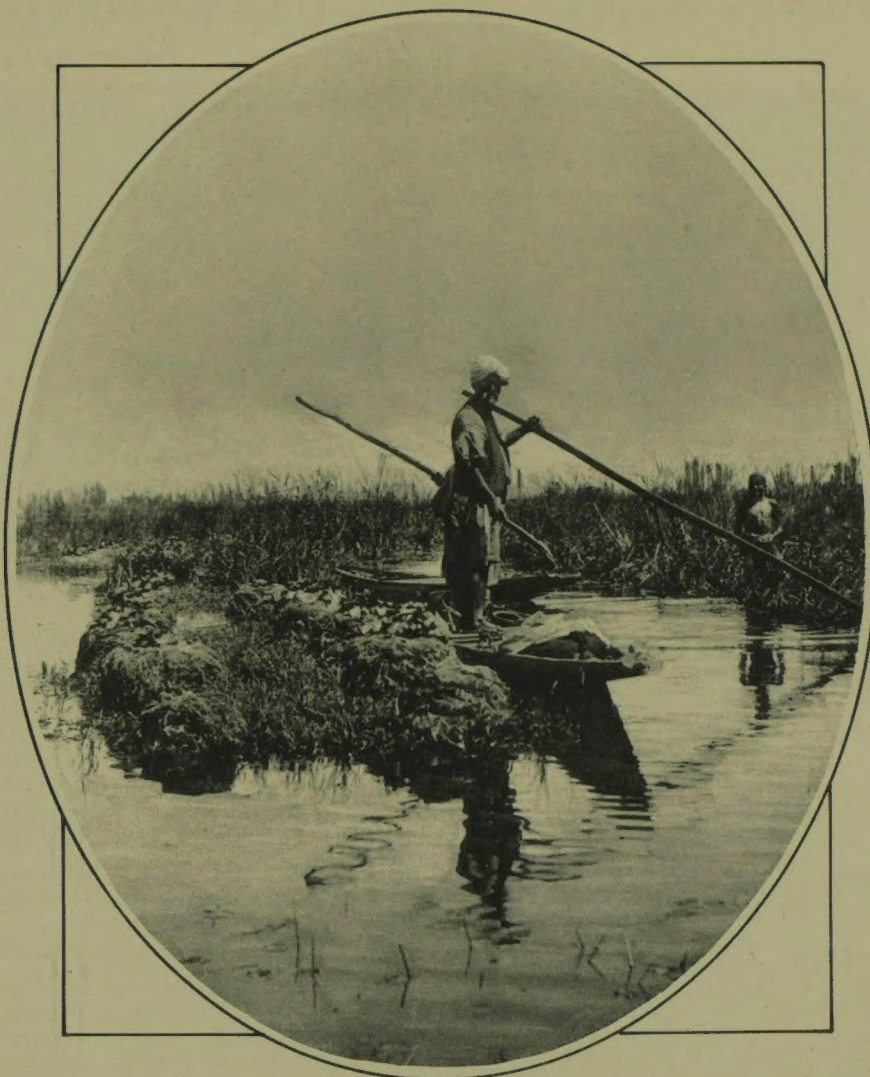


FIG. 1. TENDING HIS CROP, WHICH IS GROWN IN MOUNDS OF MUD ON A FLOATING RAFT OF REEDS: A KASHMIRI GARDENER ON THE DAL LAKE, SRINAGAR.



FIG. 2. COLLECTING THE MATERIAL FOR HIS GARDEN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE ON WHICH THAT GARDEN WILL FLOAT: A KASHMIRI GARDENER PICKING UP MUD WITH A CURVED POLE.



FIG. 3. HOW THE SURFACE OF THE DAL LAKE IS MADE FRUITFUL BY KASHMIRI GARDENERS: FORMING THE SMALL MOUNDS IN WHICH THE SEEDLINGS WILL BE GROWN—IN A GARDEN WHICH IS REALLY A FLOATING RAFT OF REEDS.

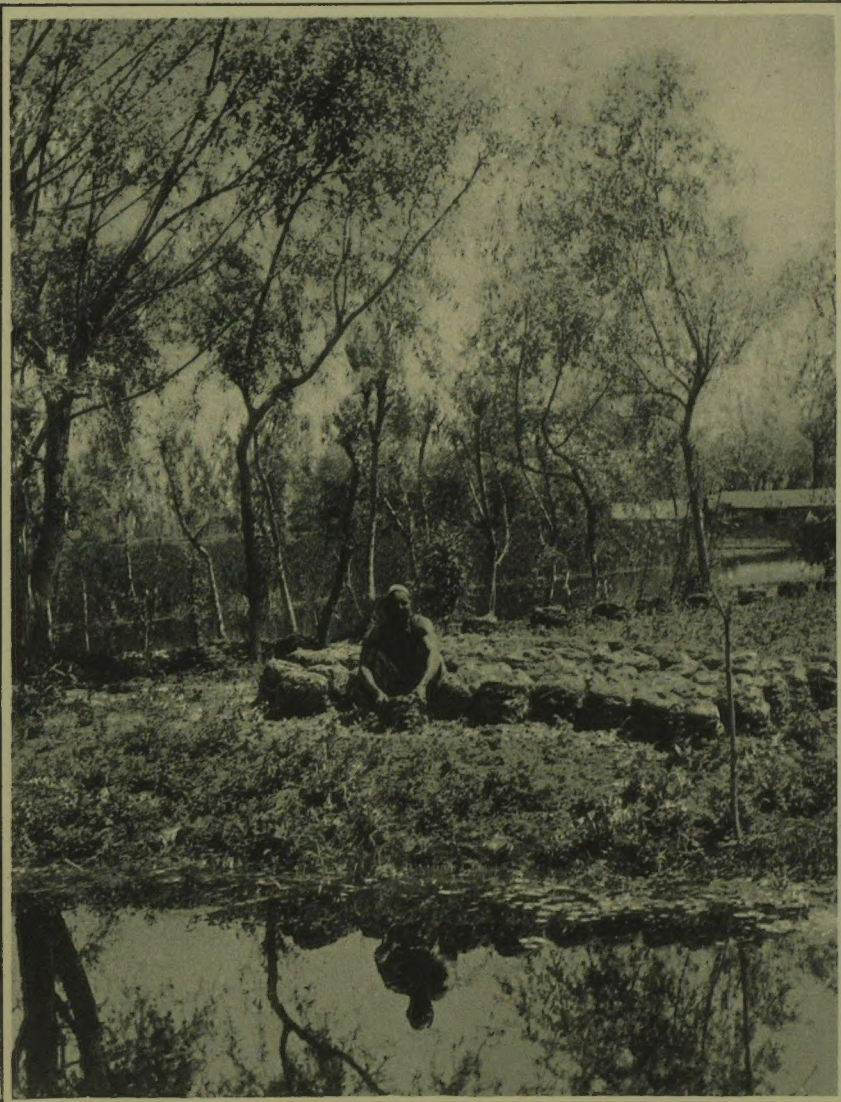


FIG. 4. EARLY MAY LABOUR ON THE DAL LAKE: A GARDENER, ON A FLOATING RAFT OF PLAITED REEDS FORMING THE MOUNDS OF MUD IN WHICH HE WILL PLANT HIS SEEDLINGS.



FIG. 5. A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE BEAUTIFUL DAL LAKE: TOWING A FLOATING GARDEN MADE OF GROWING REEDS PLAITED INTO A MAT AND THEN CUT OFF AT THE ROOTS.

In his book, "The Charm of Kashmir," Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor gives a vivid picture of the Dal Lake, Srinagar, and its famous floating gardens. "Here are canoes," he says, "carrying the people about their daily avocations, with women in them and lovely children, and barges laden with the produce of the islands; *shikaras* that wait in line behind the flood-gates like gondolas at S. Mark's. Here are the floating gardens of Kashmir, and the gardeners at work carrying fresh soil across the lake where it widens, while their punting-poles shine like silver in the sunlight, and one who is lovesick sings a *ghazal* in the stern. The gardens look like firm earth till you move away a yard or two, and then see

them suspended in the lustrous water, while the dragon-flies flash about them with incredible speed." At the beginning of May the Kashmiri may be seen, as in our illustrations, at their work of gathering from the bottom of the lake the rich mud and refuse with which to make soil for their seedlings (Fig. 2); tending the gardens, which are constructed by interlacing the reeds of the lake together and cutting away the roots—thereby forming a floating platform on which to grow produce (Fig. 1); towing the "mats" of reeds into position (Fig. 5); or depositing the collected mud in small mounds on the reed platforms (Figs. 3 and 4) on which the young seedlings are planted.



# "SATANIC" SURF-BOARDING, AND THE BACK BADGE:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



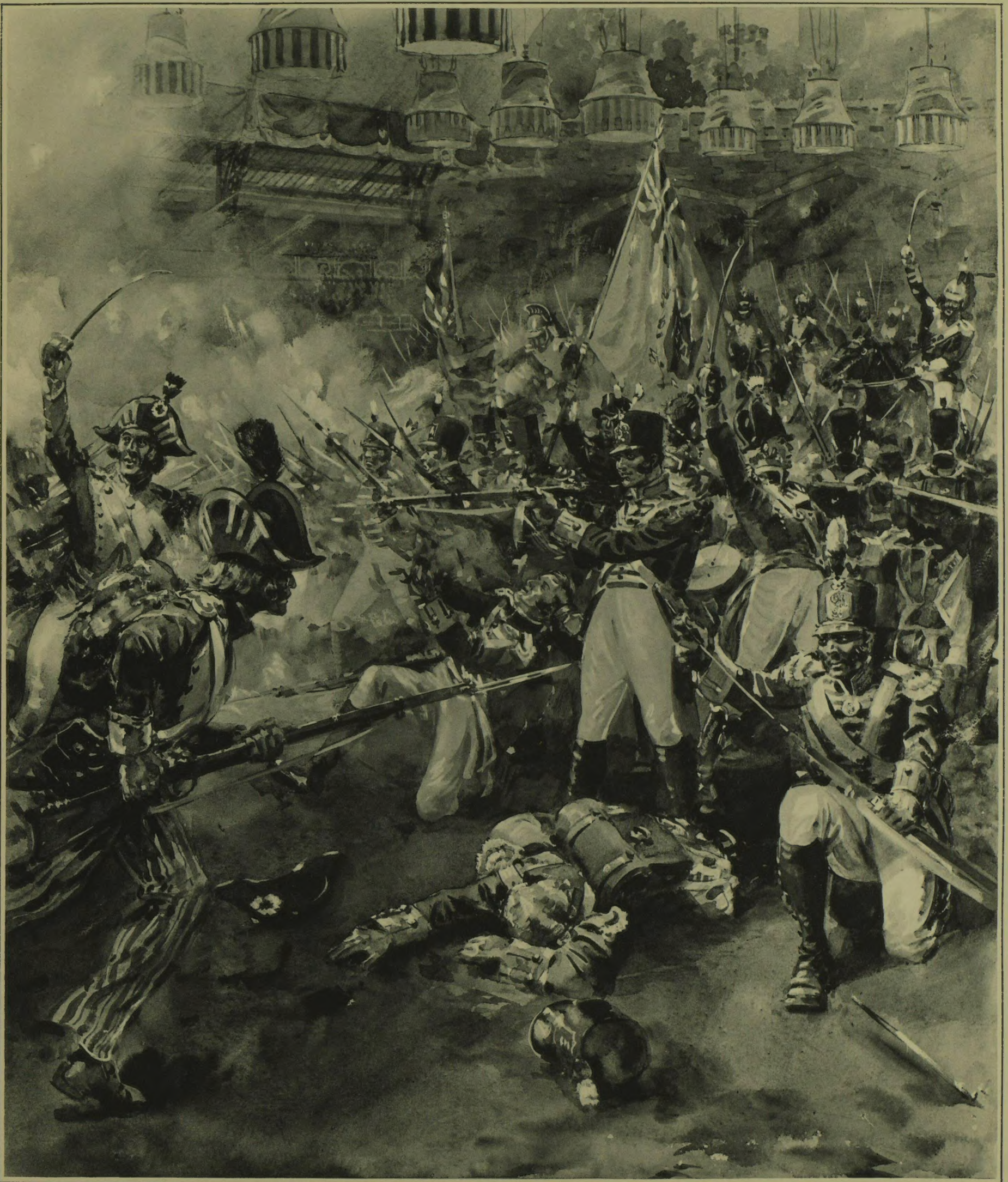
A "SURF-RIDER" DRAWN BY A MEPHISTOPHELEAN MOTOR-CYCLIST; A COMIC FEATURE OF THE "MECHANICAL RIDE" BY THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS, WHICH APPEARS IN THE TOURNAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

That stirring and colourful Naval, Military, and Air Force event of the season, the Royal Tournament, began at Olympia on May 28, and will continue until June 13. It includes what may now be called the customary and very popular features; with no fewer than eleven "Displays" which number among them a Historical Display by the 2nd Batt. the Gloucestershire Regiment. And there is, of course, an amusing side to certain of the "numbers." For example, the "Mechanical Ride" of the Royal Corps of Signals, which enters the programme for the first time, comprises, amongst other things, the light-hearted "surf-boarding" illustrated—a "turn" by Satanic cyclist and blonde-wigged seaside "belle." The Motor-Cyclist Despatch Riders from the Training Battalion at Catterick Camp are responsible. As to the Historical Display by the Gloucestershire Regiment, that is in four phases. The one here depicted reconstructs the way in which the Regiment won the Back Badge at Alexandria on March 21, 1801, when the 28th Foot (1st Battalion), assailed in front and



# PRANK AND PAGEANTRY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT EARNING THE NICKNAME "THE BACK NUMBERS": THE 28TH FOOT FIGHTING BACK TO BACK TO MEET A FRONTAL AND REAR ATTACK BY FRENCH CAVALRY AND INFANTRY AT ALEXANDRIA IN 1801.

rear by French cavalry and infantry of the "Invincible Legion," turned the rear rank about and fought both the frontal and rear assaults. For this action the Regiment was given the unique distinction of wearing its badge at the back of the cap, as well as in front. It may be added that this grant gave the Gloucestershire Regiment the nickname "The Back Numbers," to which reference is made in "Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases," by Fraser and Gibbons: "'The Back Numbers.' The Gloucestershire Regiment. From the badge, a Sphinx, worn on both the front and back of the helmet. . . . Granted as a distinction for service at the Battle of Alexandria in 1801, where, on the Battalion being attacked in front and rear at once, the rear rank was faced about, and, fighting back to back, the men beat off the enemy. . . . In connection with the same award, the Regiment has also been called "The Brass Before and Brass Behind," and the "Fore and Afts." This last nickname was "apparently coined by Kipling in his story, 'The Drums of the Fore and Afts.'"



# THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

## I.—THE NEW LAND TAXES.

For many years past, it has been the policy of "The Illustrated London News" to avoid any controversial point of view in regard to politics. We consider, however, that the time has come to voice the grievances of that comparatively small class, the payer of direct taxes; and, with this object, we have invited the distinguished publicist, A. A. B., to write a series of articles ventilating the troubles of that overburdened section of the British public. In this connection, it should be remembered that the onus of providing those funds for the nation which are yielded by direct taxation falls, roughly, upon only 2,200,000 out of a population of about 45,000,000. In other words, although all parties, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Labour, devote much energy to extending the privileges and increasing the comforts of those who form the majority of voters, none seems to care that the greater part of the cost of these endeavours falls, invariably, upon a section of the community which is, relatively, a minority—namely, upon the payers of direct taxes, who are sacrificed in this manner for the benefit of those who have little or no material stake in the welfare of the country. It is not our desire to take sides in politics, and we again emphasise the fact that this series of articles is not intended as an attack upon any one Party. It is merely our wish to plead for that minority which provides the funds and yet meets with little consideration from either Conservative, Liberal, or Labour politicians, simply because it is not numerically very strong, so far as votes are concerned. The first article is printed here. The others will follow week by week.

IN the days before the arrival of the Liberal-Socialist Party in power after the election of 1906, the Finance Act, popularly called the Budget, was a measure to provide the money necessary for the national expenditure of the current year. As a rule, it consisted of the continuance of existing taxes; a little more here or a little less there, and the immediate necessity of each tax was explained. In 1909 Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer under Mr. Asquith, inaugurated a new system of finance, by which the Budget became not only a measure for providing by taxes for the wants of the passing year, but a weapon for punishing his political enemies. The old Chancellors—Gladstone, Goschen, Hicks-Beach, Harcourt—never dreamed of using the Budget as a whip to scourge their opponents, but distributed taxation as fairly as possible between all classes, irrespective of parties. Direct and indirect taxes, income tax, and duties of Custom and Excise were in those days almost evenly balanced.

Mr. Lloyd George was brimming over with class hatred; he had the inherited jealousy of the peasant for the owners of land. He introduced into his Budget of 1909 the land taxes, which had nothing to do with the national expenditure of the year, but were intended to bleed the landowners white during a vista of Radical office.

The measure was carried by the votes of Irish Nationalists and Labour Socialists, for the English and Scotch Conservatives and Liberals were exactly equal, for and against this iniquitous Budget.

The Lloyd Georgian land taxes became, as everybody knows, a standing joke. They cost more to collect than they brought in; they checked building, and were largely responsible for the shortage of "homes for heroes" after the war; and were finally dropped in 1920 by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Government of which Mr. Lloyd George was the head.

The land valuation clauses in the present Budget are a resurrection pie of the discredited land taxes of 1909, with a new spice of Snowdenish malice. It is very cunning of Mr. Snowden to exhume these bones, for he thereby secures the votes of Mr. Lloyd George and his Radical rump, and thus makes the Government safe for a little longer, because, by an abuse of the constitutional rule against "tacking," the Land Valuation clauses, being inserted in the Budget, cannot be touched by the House of Lords. They may, however, and I hope will, be so amended in Committee as to render the Bill useless.

These land taxes on site values, instead of increment and undeveloped values, are the purest exhibition of class hatred and partisan jealousy that Parliament has ever been asked to consider.

Mr. Snowden is narrower and more bitter against the upper and middle classes than Mr. Lloyd George, who is a little mellowed by the acquisition of property of his own.

"God gave the land to the People"! When was the land so given? King David had very definite notions of landed property; and the Romans exacted

ground landlord has any intention of pulling the house down. On the contrary, I intend to go on living in it. What may happen when the lease is out, the house demolished, and the site resold to somebody else doesn't profit me, but the ground landlord. But I have to pay a new tax of 1s. 8d. in the pound on a profit which may turn out to be a loss, and which, in any case, neither I nor my heirs can ever touch.

If the Socialists come to taxing the site value of sports grounds and playing-fields, they will probably break their teeth. There are in the area of London alone 13,000 acres of private sports clubs, the tax on which would amount to £54,000 a year. Lord's Cricket Ground, Kennington Oval, Stamford Bridge, and the Wembley Stadium have all got a very large building value. If the Snowden tax is levied, one of two things must happen. Either the gate-money will have to be trebled to pay the duty, or famous cricket and football matches will have to be played at Wormwood Scrubs or Hackney Marshes. If and when either of those events happens, I should not care to be in the shoes of the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer. Indeed, the Solicitor-General is already hinting at the exemption of playing-fields and clubs. But then, I am told, the taxes will not bring enough, and so

the Bill may have to be dropped, like so many of the measures of this Government.

The lawns and gardens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn would also have to pay a huge tax, as the value of those spaces, if let to a builder, would be almost incalculable. But somehow I fancy that the lawyers will be able to defend themselves—they have always been able to do so hitherto. Should they, however, be brought into the net, the rent of chambers would be prohibitive for all but the Simons and the Birketts.

There is another point. Is it the mortgagor or the mortgagee who will be liable to the tax? As for the owners of peppercorn or quit rents due to the head landlord, they will be wiped out.

Are we really going to say at this hour of the day that the private ownership of land is wicked, or contrary to the interests of the community? Everything that we mean by civilisation has its origin in the individual ownership of land, at one time the only kind of property. To the principle of private ownership of land we owe the cultivation of the whole American continent, North and South, and of Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, to say nothing of Europe and England's green and pleasant land. If modern democracy intends, first to ruin the value of private property in land by taxation, and then to hand it over to the "commissaires" of the proletariat, why, the thing can be done, as far as the Parliamentary machine is concerned. But it will mean first bankruptcy, and then civil war.



ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE CENTRES OF OPEN-AIR RECREATION THAT WOULD SUFFER IF THE SITE VALUE OF SPORTS GROUNDS AND PLAYING-FIELDS WERE TAXED: LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.—FROM THE AIR.

Photograph by Aerofilms.

pretty smart rents from the early Christians. And are we not told in the New Testament that "the meek shall inherit the earth"?

When Mr. Snowden's taxes have been paid, the value of this legacy will be much diminished. Who says God gave the land to the People? The Socialists; and why do they say so? Because everybody who owns land or houses is a Conservative, or, at any rate, an anti-Socialist. All lands of less than £120 value are to be exempted; and by this exemption it is reckoned that the working classes, or, more correctly, those who live by weekly wages or on public assistance, will escape the new taxation. Was there ever a more flagrant instance of class legislation? As Sir John Simon showed, Mr. Snowden's land taxes are more unjust and more illogical than Mr. Lloyd George's failures. The land taxes of 1909 were to be levied on undeveloped value; that is, on lands lying waste with a potential building value, and on increment value—that is, on an actual increase of value realised by a sale or bequest. But Mr. Snowden's taxes are to be levied on the vague and unascertained value, called site value, of all lands, covered with houses or bare. Take my own case. I live in a house in a West-End square, of which I have bought the lease. The square was built ninety years ago, and no doubt the value of property in the West End has risen. The site value of my house is the building value of the site if cleared of bricks and mortar. Why should I be taxed on that? Neither I nor my



## AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY: THE FATE OF DR. ALFRED WEGENER.



THE LATE DR. WEGENER, AT THE GERMAN GREENLAND EXPEDITION'S WEST COAST STATION, WATCHING PREPARATIONS FOR HIS JOURNEY (BEGUN SEPTEMBER 21, 1930) TO THE CENTRAL ICE STATION, WHENCE HE STARTED BACK ON NOVEMBER 1, DESTINED TO DIE ON THE WAY—SHOWING (TO LEFT OF HUT) TWO PROPELLER-SLEDGES.

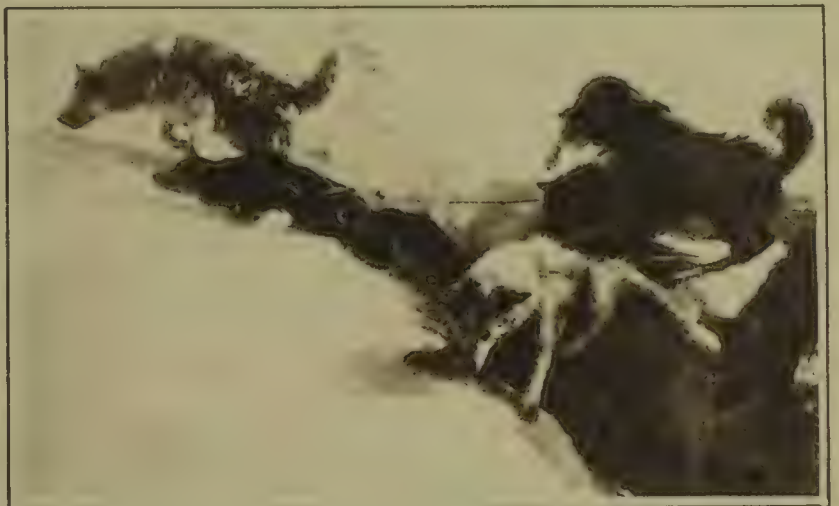


THE GERMAN EXPEDITION'S LEADER WHOSE BODY WAS RECENTLY FOUND IN GREENLAND: DR. ALFRED WEGENER, BORING IN THE INLAND ICE.



TYPICAL SLEDGE TRAVEL IN GREENLAND'S FROZEN FASTNESSES, WHERE DR. WEGENER PERISHED: A "REGION OF THICK-RIBBED ICE" WHERE MAN AND BEAST ARE DWARFED BY NATURE'S IMMENSITY.

The long search for the missing leader of the German Greenland Expedition, Dr. Alfred Wegener, had a tragic end, in contrast to the fortunate rescue of Mr. Augustine Courtauld, of the British Expedition. Dr. Wegener set out last November to return from his Central Ice Station, inland to the Western Coast Station, with a Greenlander named Rasmus. On May 14 news came that Wegener's sledge had been found by a relief party 160 miles from the coast, and his skis 117 miles inland. Hope was finally destroyed by a message of May 19 from the Western Station, which said: "The relief group found Dr. Wegener's body close to his skis, which had apparently been stuck up in the snow by his companion, Rasmus, to form an arch marking the grave. The body had been sewn up in blankets by Rasmus, covered with furs, and buried in the packed snow. From his appearance, a painless death overtook Wegener. In any case, he did not freeze to death. His diaries and other notes are not with the body. They were probably taken by Rasmus. Wegener has been buried again provisionally at the same spot in a tomb formed of ice blocks. Not far away tent



ARCTIC DOGS AT WORK AS TRANSPORT ANIMALS WITH THE GERMAN EXPEDITION IN GREENLAND: A SLEDGE TEAM JUMPING A NARROW CREVASSE IN THE ICE.



ARCTIC SLEDGE-DOGS AT REST, AND A GREENLAND METHOD OF TETHERING THEM: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION FIXING A ROPE-END IN A HOLE WHERE IT BECOMES FIRMLY FROZEN IN THE ICE.

marks left by Rasmus and the site of a dog camp were found. The search for Rasmus and the diaries is being continued." The dead leader's brother, Dr. Kurt Wegener, plans to leave for Greenland in June to take charge of the expedition.



# CROCODILE-WORSHIP IN ANCIENT EGYPT: NEW DISCOVERIES AT TEBTUNIS.

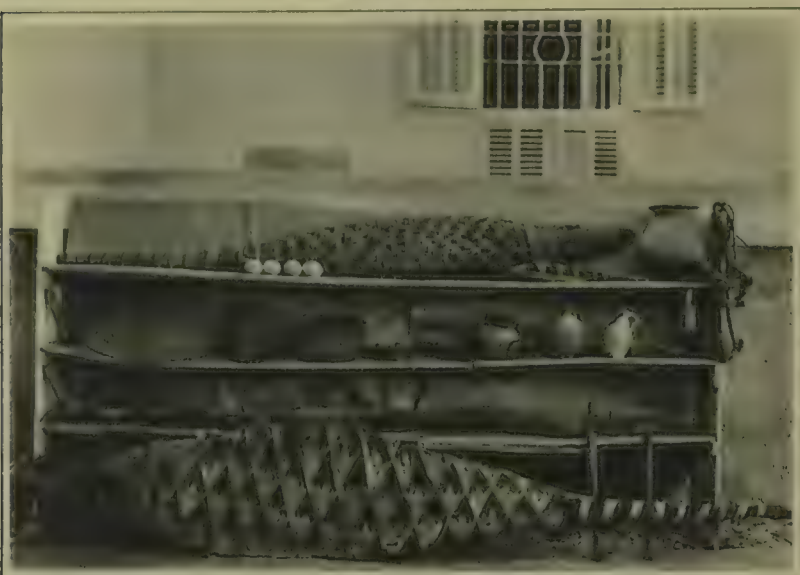
(SEE PROFESSOR ANTI'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 910.)



1. THE SACRED WAY TO THE TEMPLE OF SECNEBTUNI, THE CROCODILE GOD: THE CENTRAL SECTION, FLANKED BY FIGURES OF LIONS AND SPHINXES, AND CONTAINING ALTARS AND BANQUET-HALLS.



2. PART OF THE GREAT SANCTUARY OF THE CROCODILE GOD AT TEBTUNIS: A CORNER OF THE TEMPLE PRECINCTS, COMPRISING STABLES, COURTYARDS, OVENS, AND HOUSES OF OFFICIALS AND CRAFTSMEN.



3. RELICS OF A STRANGE ANIMAL CULT: A CROCODILE MUMMY (BELOW) FOUND IN A SACRED CEMETERY IN OPEN DESERT, SOUTH OF THE SANCTUARY; AND A SMALLER CROCODILE MUMMY (ABOVE).



5. THE CROCODILE GOD AS REPRESENTED IN A HALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE DEVOTED TO HIS WORSHIP: A RELIEF OF SECNEBTUNI (SEBEK, LORD OF TUNIS).



4. APPARATUS USED BY PRIEST-PHYSICIANS OF ANCIENT EGYPT 2000 YEARS AGO: WRITING-TABLETS, STOOLS, AND WOODEN MEDICINE-VESSELS, FOUND IN THE PRIESTS' QUARTERS IN THE CROCODILE GOD'S TEMPLE AT TEBTUNIS.



6. ONCE OCCUPIED BY PRIESTS OF THE CROCODILE GOD'S TEMPLE: A ROW OF CELLS, WHERE SACRED PAPYRI, MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS, AND OTHER RELICS WERE FOUND.

As described in Professor Carlo Anti's article on page 910, the Italian expedition excavating at Tebtunis, in the Fayum, has discovered the remains of an ancient Egyptian city containing a great temple sacred to the crocodile god, Secnebtuni, along with many interesting relics of this strange cult, which still has its devotees among the natives in certain parts of Africa, as shown in our illustrations on page 911. The complete descriptions of the above photographs are as follows: (1) The central part of the Sacred Way, containing banquet-halls and altars. Lions and sphinxes keep guard on both sides. The whole was completely buried beneath a stratum of sand about 10 ft. deep. The road is oriented from north

to south almost astronomically. (2) A corner of the sanctuary within the great encircling wall. Here are stables, courtyards, ovens, and houses of officials and of craftsmen attached to the sanctuary. (3) A mummy of a crocodile found in a sacred cemetery to the south of the sanctuary, in open desert. (A smaller mummy is seen on the top shelf.) (4) Writing-tablets, stools, and wooden receptacles for medicines, 2000 years old, found in the dwellings of the priests. (5) Sebek, with a crocodile head, represented on a relief in a hall of the great temple. (6) Cells of the priests, each consisting of an ante-room and a bed-room. Almost all have recesses and small cellars, where papyri and other relics were discovered.



## SCENES OF PROCESSIONS AND FEASTS IN HONOUR OF A CROCODILE GOD.



WHERE THE PROCESSION OF THE SACRED CROCODILE FORMERLY PASSED, STOPPING AT INTERVALS FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF VARIOUS RITES, AS AT THE PAVILION WHOSE RUINS APPEAR IN THE FOREGROUND: THE SACRED WAY LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF SECNEBTUNI, THE CROCODILE GOD, AT TEBTUNIS.



2. ONE OF THE BANQUETING-HALLS FOR RITUAL FEASTS CONNECTED WITH THE WORSHIP OF THE SACRED CROCODILE AT TEBTUNIS: A BUILDING CONSTRUCTED OF SUN-DRIED BRICKS, AND CONTAINING A WOODEN THRESHOLD STILL IN A PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION AFTER TWENTY CENTURIES.

The excavation of the Sacred Way at Tebtunis, which, as noted on the opposite page, was completely buried beneath a ten-foot layer of sand, makes it possible to visualise the scenes enacted there, some two thousand years ago, during processions to the shrine of the crocodile god. It is said that Greek and Roman tourists visiting Egypt in ancient times used to make a special journey to this shrine in order to witness the strange rites which were there performed. As Professor Anti explains in his article on page 910, the sacred way leads to a pavilion with eight limestone columns, and, continuing thence, is flanked by halls used for ritual banquets of the priests. Each hall had its altar, and was adorned

with figures of lions and sphinxes. The full descriptions attached to the above two photographs are: (1) The Sacred Way leading to the Temple of Secnebtuni, with ruins of a pavilion in foreground. The procession of the sacred crocodile passed along this avenue, stopping from time to time for the observance of various rites. The pavilion was one of the principal stopping-points. (2) One of the halls used for the ritual banquets. It is built of sun-dried bricks, like all the houses of ancient Egypt, beginning with the palaces of the Pharaohs. The threshold of wood is seen to be in a state of perfect preservation, in spite of use and of its having been in existence for at least twenty centuries.



## THE CULT OF THE CROCODILE IN ANCIENT EGYPT:

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES AT TEBTUNIS, IN THE FAYUM: THE SANCTUARY OF SECNEBTUNI, THE CROCODILE GOD, AND THE SACRED WAY TO HIS TEMPLE.

By Professor CARLO ANTI, of the University of Padua, Conductor of Excavations for the Italian Archaeological Mission in Egypt. (See Illustrations on pages 908, 909, and 911.)

MODERN archaeology is entirely directed towards topographical research. It is no longer a hunt only for works of art or precious objects, but, instead, systematic exploration is undertaken of buildings, great monumental aggregates and entire cities, in order to recapture ancient life in all its aspects: social history, manners and customs, art and industry. This point of view, which accords with the prevalent direction of modern archaeology, induced the Italian Archaeological Mission in Egypt two years ago to undertake the apparently unpromising labour of methodically exploring the ruins of Tebtunis, a Græco-Roman city of the Fayum.

The Græco-Roman cities of the Fayum, even the least noteworthy, were always modest agricultural centres inhabited chiefly by people of humble station, but they possess great attraction for the investigator because, in them, the wonderfully dry sand of the desert has preserved "documents" which would be sought in vain in any other corner of the ancient world: articles of everyday life, even those made of the most perishable materials, such as wood, osier, straw, or fabric; and, above all, the papyri, papyrus paper, the speciality of the Egyptians, with a quantity, now enormous, of written documents, including letters, administrative, public, and private documents of every kind, and literary texts. These objects and writings have permitted us to reconstruct a picture of the life of Ptolemaic and Roman Egypt in its most minute and curious details, in a way for ever impossible in any other country of antiquity. Tebtunis had been largely explored in 1900 by Grenfell and Hunt, but almost exclusively for the purpose of obtaining papyri. The Italian Mission resumed the work on wide and methodical topographical lines.

The first task was to survey the general plan of the city, which at once furnished interesting surprises. The system of roads confirmed what was known from other sources—that the city was not an original Greek foundation, but that the Greeks had only extended a more ancient Egyptian nucleus. The urban problem had been met and solved in a manner instructive even to town-planning specialists of our own time. The Greeks of the fourth and third centuries before Christ were confronted with a problem frequent to-day in countries of older civilisation—the necessity of adapting a small and long-existent centre to extended requirements of life and traffic. They left the old nucleus intact, but, in order to adapt it to the new times, they divested it of every important function, shifting to its outskirts—new districts with ample and regular roads—all public bodies and centres of civic activity. The survey of the city's general plan likewise furnished indications for the greatest discovery of last season—the sanctuary of Secnebtuni.

From the papyri, it was known that Tebtunis, like all other Fayum cities and villages, worshipped as a supreme divinity a particular aspect of Sebek, the crocodile god of the Fayum, under the name of Secnebtuni—Sebek, Lord of Tunis. The cult of the crocodile was not exclusive to the Fayum, but had its chief centre there. How some of the Egyptians may have been led to the cult of the crocodile is difficult to say. In primitive times, just as much influence may have been exercised by terror of the formidable reptile as by observation that the annual beneficent overflow of the Nile was accompanied by the appearance of dense crowds of crocodiles. Probably this very circumstance established a connection between the crocodile and the periodical inundation which is the primary reason for Egypt's fertility. Certainly at a late epoch Sebek with his crocodile had become an almost universal god—the sun god, creator god, lord of the waters, of fertility, of the fields. As such, his cult, at any rate in the Fayum, was accepted unopposed even by the Greek colonists engaged in agriculture, and lasted until the decline of the Roman Empire. Tebtunis likewise had its

temple, which must have been a large one if, as a papyrus says, there were fully fifty priests attached to it. Yet nothing remarkable appeared among the city's ruins, nothing among the sands where the pickaxe of the archaeologist or native searcher had not yet been used.

As I have said, good indications were offered by a study of the general plan. This showed that in the western quarter there was a large market, and in all countries and at all periods the most important sacred and civic buildings were gathered around the markets. It became necessary to search in that quarter. There, on the southern side, there emerged from the sand a corner of a wall which had been plastered fully seven times, an exceptional and

sacred way, which is almost 325 ft. long, there is another court enclosed by limestone walls on which, together with scenes of adoration and offering, there is shown in relief the procession of the sacred crocodile. In the court were also found three statues of Pharaohs and priests. On the southern side there is the entrance pylon to the sanctuary.

The latter is enclosed within a big surrounding wall of rough bricks, almost 13 ft. thick and 20 ft. high, which encloses a rectangle of nearly 200 ft. by 400 ft. This latter reserved part is also subdivided in turn into two parts by a final gateway: the anterior portion with many buildings for the administration of the temple, and the rear innermost one with the temple, which is still to be excavated, and including the cells of the priests. The sanctuary, therefore, is a true fortified monastery, suggesting the fortress-monasteries of Christian Egypt, of which it is a surprising historical precedent.

Egypt retains temples which are infinitely more magnificent, more beautiful, and better preserved than that found in Tebtunis, but this one has the singular merit of being a complete sanctuary preserved in all its parts, where each building reveals its particular purpose and therefore the life which it formerly harboured, so much so that the past seems to live again before us. In the priests' banquet-hall were found *amphoræ* in fragments and the corks with which they were closed, with the contents marked thereon; receipts for the provisions consumed by the priests, and the cups which they used. In one corner there were still the charcoal and the ash on which the food had been cooked or heated. In a court of the sanctuary were the ovens for bread, and in an adjoining house—certainly that of the baker—sieves for sifting the flour, a stick for kneading, and the wooden stamp for printing inscriptions on finished loaves. In another room were materials of a workshop of enamels in coloured glass paste, the pestle, a brush, moulds, crucibles, weights, and the entire equipment for making the enamels with which tables and furniture were encrusted.

In the houses of the priests, who were also doctors, there were found many medical prescriptions and wood pots for medicines, one still closed and full of seeds. Adjoining were tablets on which medical prescriptions were written, and in some of the priests' cells even their straw slippers remain. The small basement of one cell yielded a mass of sacred texts and documents in ancient Egyptian and in Greek: part of the library of the sanctuary, or the personal library and archives of a priest. Here lies the importance and interest of this discovery: all the documents and articles found, apart from their artistic value—which, however, is often considerable—carry us back straightway to those far-off times; enable us to live again their daily life, both in solemn rites and more humble acts; the continuity of life becomes fully manifest, and archaeological research acquires a human value which imparts to it a moving force.

The picture has been traced in its outlines and has brilliant touches of colour. The coming season's work is to complete it. There remains, or should remain, much to be discovered: the actual temple, the pool in which the sacred crocodile lived, the grave in which he was deposited at his death. To the south of the sanctuary, and in the heart of the desert, Grenfell has already discovered a great cemetery of crocodiles, but these probably were ordinary crocodiles, sacrificed and dedicated to the god. The actual sacred crocodiles, reared within the sanctuary, had to receive a much more worthy burial, and it is precisely this which it is hoped to find next winter.



THE CROCODILE GOD OF TEBTUNIS: ONE OF THE FINEST RELIEFS FOUND ON THE HALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE, SHOWING SECNEBTUNI ENTHRONED, AND (BEHIND) A SMALL CROCODILE, WITH THE URÆUS (A SERPENT SYMBOLIC OF POWER) COILED AROUND A SACRED TREE—(INSET ABOVE) A BUST OF A GODDESS IN ENAMELLED MOSAIC.

The relief illustrated is described by Professor Anti as one of the most beautiful representations of the crocodile god. "The delightful bust of a goddess," he goes on to say, "is an example of the products of a workshop found within the temple. It is resplendent with very bright colours and brilliant glossiness."

strange thing among those citizens of ancient Egypt, for whom plaster on walls was a rare luxury. Excavation was begun at that point, and a first building was brought to light which was soon found to be sacred; from it, a descent was made into a wide paved road which led on both sides to other buildings, all of a sacred character, and finally on the south to the monumental entrance of a great sanctuary. The inscription on an altar revealed the name of the god—Secnebtuni. The excavation is not yet finished: to complete it, at least one more season will be required, but the sanctuary is now recognisable in its principal elements. A sacred way, the beginning of which has still to be found, leads to a court and thence to a pavilion with eight limestone columns. After the pavilion, the sacred way continues, flanked by halls for ritual banquets of the priests, adorned with lions and sphinxes, and each having its limestone altar. At the end of the



## A MODERN PARALLEL TO THE CROCODILE CULTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.



CROCODILE-WORSHIP OF TO-DAY IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA: THE MUD-BUILT PEN CONTAINING A SACRED REPTILE IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT IBADAN, WITH ITS KEEPER (THE TALL FIGURE ON THE RIGHT) AND THE DRUMMER (LEFT) WHO MAKES KNOWN THE PRESENCE OF STRANGERS.

IT is interesting to compare the ceremonial worship of the crocodile in ancient Egypt, as described by Professor Anti in his article on the opposite page, with the modern and debased survival of the same cult, in a native village of Southern Nigeria, illustrated in the above photographs. "The sacred crocodile of Ibadan," says an accompanying note, "is a huge reptile measuring about 15 ft. in length, and is reputed to be at least 150 years old. It is regarded as *ju-ju*, or a kind of mascot, by the natives of the district, and is confined in a mud pen, where it wallows in filthy slime. It is fed on live chickens, and, judging by its size, seems to do very well. Its pen is in the centre of the native market square, and is built of mud, the walls being 18 in. thick and 3 ft. high. The drummer (seen in the upper picture) warns the village of the presence of strangers (either European or native) and keeps up a continual strumming while they are present. The tall figure on the right is the crocodile's keeper." A small photograph of this reptile appeared in our issue of April 11, with a note stating that it is a rare specimen of albinism in crocodiles.



THE SACRED CROCODILE OF IBADAN: A HUGE REPTILE, FIFTEEN FEET LONG, AND REPUTED TO BE AT LEAST 150 YEARS OLD, VENERATED BY THE NATIVES AND FED ON LIVE CHICKENS, WALLOWING IN THE SLIME OF ITS PEN AND ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR FOOD.



# THE MARRIAGE OF BOTANY AND GEOLOGY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PLANT LIFE THROUGH THE AGES": By A. C. SEWARD.\*

(PUBLISHED BY THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

IN his Preface, Dr. Seward describes "Plant Life Through the Ages" as a "general review of the Floras of the Past." It is a supplement to his great work, "Fossil Plants."

"I have tried," he says, "to keep before me the layman as well as the student of botany and geology, two different classes of readers who do not usually approach a subject from the same point of view. My aim has been to illustrate the nature of the documents from which geologists have compiled a history of the earth, or at least such scraps of history as can be written from the material that is available; to give some account of the methods employed in the interpretation of the documents; and to present in language that is not unnecessarily technical a summary of the more interesting results obtained from records of the rocks which throw light on the development of the plant-world."

"In order to trace the wanderings of plants," Dr. Seward proceeds, "we must be able to picture the consecutive aspects of the earth's surface; we must know the form and extent of the land-masses, and the position of the oceans and seas which formed barriers to the migration of terrestrial plants. By following to their sources series of sedimentary rocks, tracing the passage of old shingle beaches into the sands and muds of gradually deepening water, and by noting the substitution of calcareous accumulations on the floor of a clear sea from the material derived from the waste of land, we learn something of the relative position of sea and land."

But we must accept with reserve the testimony of the rocks. Their evidence "can only be partially and lamentably incomplete." Hooker believed that even Darwin, who fully recognised the fallibility of such evidence, reposed too much confidence in it. After reading the chapters on geological evidence in "The Origin of Species," he wrote to Darwin: "I would say that you still in your secret soul underrate the imperfection of the geological record, though no language can be stronger or arguments fairer or sounder against it. Of course I am influenced by Botany, and the conviction that we have not in a fossilized condition a fraction of the plants that have existed, and not a fraction of those we have are recognisable specifically."

Dr. Seward concurs with this "depressing estimate." He goes so far as to ask: "Can we by a critical survey of the data hope to arrive at any reasonably accurate results commensurate with the labour of the enquiry?"

The labour has obviously been tremendous, staggering, in fact. Dr. Seward remarks: "In a book written primarily for non-specialists, references to scientific literature may seem out of place. I have not attempted to give a complete list of references." Yet the closely printed bibliography extends to nearly forty pages, while in the body of the book the references to plants, extinct or still extant, must number thousands. Can all these, the stupefied reader wonders, really constitute so minute a fraction of the flora of the past that their value to the scientist is almost negligible? Dr. Seward makes no claims for himself; few for the great branch of knowledge of which he is so distinguished an ornament; both as author and scientist he exhibits an invincible modesty. Reading his book, one wonders what can have become of the traditional *hubris* of the scientific

spirit. His pages bear witness not only to the extent of his geological and botanical knowledge, but to his familiarity with general works of literature. The chapters are headed by quotations from poets, essayists, novelists, philosophers. Shelley, Tennyson, Hardy, Conrad, Stevenson, Wordsworth, Lewis Carroll lend his researches the aroma of their art. Nor does he always choose extracts which encourage the pursuit of knowledge. He quotes an observation from Sir Thomas Browne, like himself a passionate botanist and sifter of truth: "We do but learn to-day what our better advanced judgments will unteach to-morrow"—a discouraging if salutary maxim for one who is humbly attempting to add to the store of human knowledge.

But more damping still to scientific enthusiasm

he wear it, perhaps, as a kind of mental hair-shirt, a warning against intellectual pride? Surely the rigours of scientific research do not require to be supplemented by further austerities; its fruits are hardly won, and when they do come, need they be rendered unpalatable and innutritious by the presence of the worm of scepticism?

However, whatever moral Dr. Seward means us to draw from Thoreau, it is clear that he has not allowed the (to the scientific spirit) enervating influence of that misanthropic philosopher to sap his energies. He may believe that it is better not to waste the passing moment in remembering the past: but he does not write as though he believed it. A delightful feature of his book consists in pictorial reconstructions, made by Mr. Vulliamy under his direction,

of landscapes typical of various geological periods. Here is the descriptive text of a "Scene in the Coal Age": "On the right-hand side of the picture a few trees and herbaceous plants which flourished in the earlier part of the Carboniferous period. Marshes and sheets of water, with a few low hills reaching to the horizon: in the middle distance and beyond, swampy ground studded with *Calamites*: in the centre, lying obliquely behind one of the herbaceous Lycopods, which differs but little from some living members of the family, is a stranded trunk of a woody tree. In the left-hand corner, one sees the preading fronds of the pteridosperm *Neuropteris*, bearing rows of oblong, rounded leaflets and, in place of some of them, large tapered seeds (Fig. 60, N.): near the fork of the frond on the edge of the picture (N.) two larger and more rounded leaflets are clearly shown: they are the leaflets known as *Cyclopteris*, so called from their more or less circular shape, which are a characteristic feature of some *Neuropteris* fronds. Lying obliquely across the corner and partially hidden by the fern-like foliage is a dead stem of *Ulodendron* (U.), a type of arborescent Lycopod distinguished by rows of large scars which mark the position of cast-off branches. . . .

An observer would be struck by the abundance and variety of plants which to him appeared to be ferns: some having stems like miniature tree-ferns, others of lower growth with fronds borne on creeping rhizomes, and possibly some living as epiphytes, their green leaves standing out against the more sombre-coloured supporting trunks of forest trees. On a closer view, he would discover that by far the greater number of these supposed ferns were plants—both small and large—bearing seeds and clusters of inconspicuous spore capsules, filled with pollen, members of a group which we now call pteridosperms. The pteridosperms were a dominant group; they had evolved a style of compound leaf constructed on the general plan of a fern frond. The position obtained by these plants, with their amazing range in the design of the leaflets and in the structure of the reproductive organs, is one of the outstanding features of the later Palaeozoic floras. They are products of evolution which, it might almost seem, were created to serve as a warn-

ing to botanists against placing trust in superficial resemblances as guides to affinity."

It will be seen from this extract that the Master of Downing requires from his readers no mean degree of botanical knowledge. The quotation is a fair example of the general style and method of the book; and I think the general reader will agree with me that it is rather a hard nut to crack. It is very difficult for a specialist in any subject to imagine the abysmal depths of many a layman's ignorance;

[Continued on page 934.]



A CHARMING FRAGONARD TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ARTIST'S SKETCHES IN PARIS: "PORTRAIT DE LA FILLE DE L'ARTISTE EN SAVOYARDE."

The charming portrait by Fragonard reproduced here forms an exhibit at the Galerie Jacques Seligmann, in Paris, where a show of numerous works by this artist has been organised in aid of the "Maison de Santé des Gardiens de la Paix." Many of the pictures in this exhibition are already well known—such as the sprightly "Le Verrou," which we illustrate on the opposite page, and the sketches lent by the Albertina Library at Vienna—particularly "La Fille de l'artiste en Savoyarde," reproduced above. This picture has the additional interest of having helped to fix a historic point in Fragonard's working career. Fragonard, it is interesting to note, was not always the painter of the sprightly—not to say *risqué*—subjects that are often associated with his name. He certainly attended the *atelier* of Boucher, but later he went to Rome and studied after such painters as Solimena and Cortona, with especial predilection for the works of Tiepolo; and further toured Naples and Sicily. After his return to France, Fragonard painted his "Coresus and Callirhoe" for the King in 1765; but, seeing that the style he had acquired in Italy did not meet with sufficient success, he applied himself to painting the love-scenes to which we have already alluded, which were, indeed, admirably suited to the taste of that time in France.

(Albertina Library Collection, Vienna.)

is the quotation which is given the place of honour at the beginning of the book. It is from Thoreau, and reads: "He is blessed above all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past." Why, one wonders, does Dr. Seward deliberately set out to belittle the importance of his labours? His whole book is an effort, made on the grandest scale, to "summon up remembrance of things past." Does he repeat Thoreau's dictum in sarcasm, in irony, or in good faith? Does

\* "Plant Life Through the Ages." A Geological and Botanical Retrospect. By A. C. Seward, Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Cambridge University Press; 30s. net.)



## FRAGONARD IN SPRIGHTLY AND IN INNOCENT MOOD.



FRAGONARD IN SPRIGHTLY MOOD: "LE VERROU"—A FAMOUS WORK WHICH FIGURES IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF THE ARTIST'S DRAWINGS.

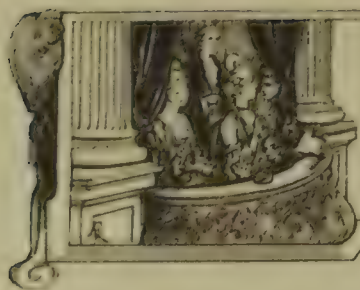


FRAGONARD IN THE VEIN OF RUSTIC INNOCENCE: "SAY 'PLEASE'!" ("DITES: 'S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!'")—ANOTHER WORK TO BE SEEN ON EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

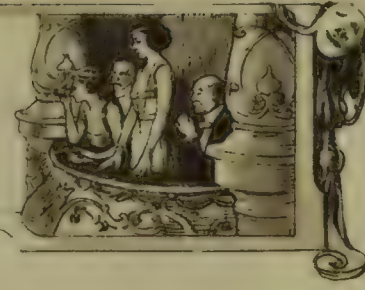
The drawings reproduced on this page are from the exhibition of sketches by Fragonard at the Galerie Jacques Seligmann, in Paris, where there are to be seen, amongst others, such famous works as "Le Verrou" ("The Bolt"), which is here reproduced, and "La Fille de l'Artiste en Savoyarde," which will be found reproduced on the opposite page. Fragonard's genius, it has been

remarked, is comparable to La Fontaine's—in its frankness; in its remarkable power of making scenes live before the eye; in its tendency towards the voluptuous; and, above all, in its feeling for life in the large, a feeling admirably illustrated by the two sketches here given, so widely different from each other in spirit and outlook. (The lower picture is from the Gaston Menier Collection.)





## The World of the Theatre.



### CALIBAN AND FAIRYLAND: SOME REFLECTIONS.

TO what does a jewel owe its brilliance? Its cutting, its setting, and the play of light upon its polished facets. Encrusted with dross and buried in the clay, its values are hidden. In the strictest sense, then, we owe the jewel to the jeweller. I will not pursue the metaphor further, knowing how fallacious metaphors are, but leave it with the assertion that, as the jewel is the gift of the jeweller, so, in the final antinomy, Life is an artist's vision of it.

Man has always felt the imperative need to discover the jewel in the dross and slime. Something which he calls Truth and Beauty he seeks to set up against the lie of his senses, and his passionate search for it lies behind all his noblest achievements. After all, if we look at his situation, we see that fundamentally it never changes. He is born into a world without choice and is taken from it without consultation. He is faced with facts he cannot reconcile, and every extension of knowledge only mocks with a vision of a greater unknown. History itself appears as an accumulation of events, a flux backward and forward, tossing him like spindrift. It was essential, therefore that he should endeavour to find answers.

In the richest periods of culture these answers have been most confident. He had attached a significance to the chaos and somehow felt a beauty which inspired him. If man's business were confined to the self-satisfactions of food, clothing, and sex, he would still be a hairy ape. But what are the most precious heritages of the past; what are the treasures that a nation or a man clings to above all else? They are his answers to his eternal question, his visions beyond sea or land, where he has looked out of magic casements. These are the things he values, for they are the testament of his dignity. What have these to do with animal desires? They stand outside animal possessions. And why? Because they are the expressions of the soul. There lie the compulsions which have elevated him. There

The primitive man will decorate his spear. Strange how the simple craftsmen in the youth of the world wrestled to discover beauty! Their dramas were



"LEAN HARVEST," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: THE CHILDLESS MAN OF WEALTH CONTEMPLATING HIS WIFE—"LEAN HARVEST" OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER. (MR. LESLIE BANKS AND MISS DIANA WYNARD.)

"What's his name?"

"Man."

"How d'you spell it?"

And because he makes the attempt and fails, it does not follow that there is no right spelling. Thoughts such as these came to me after I had seen "The Hairy Ape." All the seething energy of the play ends in chaos. The splendour of Mr. Paul Robeson's performance as Yank, the stoker, only served to floodlight the barrenness of his conclusion. It is not "milk for babes," with its coarse, exciting, and virile dialogue, cutting across our sophisticated, self-satisfied trivialities. It is not stuff pleasant to hear, for it ruthlessly tears off the rags to expose our nudity. But it has no inspiration for us; no spiritual stimulation, no abiding value. Here is a Caliban with no Prospero, a volcano of physical energy, who can only serve the ends of destruction. Whilst Yank remains in the stokehold where he "belongs," there is a rude majesty in him, and the play up to this point is finely significant. But O'Neill gives him the human impulse to go forward, and then denies it. Since he cannot go forward, he must needs go back, only to be killed by the gorilla. A tragic theme of man and his conflict with fate—a theme as old as drama. But why is not the impression tragic? Why is it that, in spite of the play's dynamic energy and originality, combined with matchless interpretation, we are not moved to pity and terror? First, because Yank is more a personified idea than a person—an intellectual symbol than a man. And secondly—this equally fundamental—there is something in us that refuses to accept so bleak and so hopelessly despairing an answer. Yank is sub-human and a caricature of humanity. Strindberg, who has mightily influenced O'Neill, even in his darkest plays was never so utterly hopeless. Man is not a potential ape. That he feels the need "to belong," is both his crucifixion and his salvation. Does the play provoke the redemptive spirit of shame, or inspire with renewed energy? Does it touch to a sudden rapture the lyric nucleus waiting to be roused? Where are the lessons of courage and of hope? It is not O'Neill's last word, and the play has such rare qualities. These things said, "The Hairy Ape"



THE STAGE VERSION OF MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S "THE GOOD COMPANIONS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: THE REALISTIC SCENE OF RIBSDEN FAIR; WITH JESS OAKROYD (MR. EDWARD CHAPMAN; CENTRE, BACK TO BOOTH) BEING THREATENED BY SUMMERS (IN STRIPED JERSEY).

is the jewel in the dross. "Let us have courage," said Goethe, "to submit to impressions, to be delighted, touched, exalted, instructed..." For that lyric germ in each of us is waiting to grow into a song; that nucleus, which is a sort of creative principle, makes it possible to travel hopefully from day to day. I do not know what the soul is, but I do know that it is where all the riches of humanity are locked up, and the heroic business is to forge keys for their release.

I do not say that Drama is the only key, but it would be hard to find a better. It can set before men's eyes a nobler conception than they have seen; it can make move the lyric germ in his thought so that the daily futilities take on an inspiring beauty.

tony and the mediocrity that surrounds us—are they not all, to-day, indicative of the small value we put on what St. Paul describes as "the life which is life indeed"? Because we are in danger of losing the sense of appreciating the lyric values, we are in danger of being overwhelmed by inertia and nostalgia. Hence our complacency. Hence, too, our belief that the Millennium can be accelerated by the efforts of the legislator.

It was the distinguished American dramatist Eugene O'Neill who put the policeman's question in "The Great God Brown" which cannot be escaped, in its all-embracing vagueness.

golden keys, and the wisdom they unlocked still sustains existence. Heaven knows we seem to care little enough in these days of science and industrialism! We are what we are, either critical realists dismissing the intangibles as woolly delusions, or else, in a mood of lethargic acceptance, we say "Nitchewo"—nothing matters. Is there no prosperity other than the material? Now we look out of a window in Thrums and cry: "All God's chillun have not got wings." Belief is dead, wishes turn to desires, and the only solution we explore is an economic one. Is it any wonder that in the theatre we get a surfeit of non-intellectual entertainment? It is at least a release and respite. But the drying up of the fountains of imagination, the elimination of mystery, the din of commercialism, the monoton-



"PAYMENT, DEFERRED," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: WILLIAM MARBLE, THE BANK CLERK (MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON), WATCHING HIS NEPHEW (MR. PAUL LONGUET) DRINK THE POISONED WHISKY HE HAS GIVEN HIM.

is devastating in its disillusion, destructive in its vitality, and barren in its symbol. It is indeed a pity that its run had to be so brief.

[Continued on page 942.]





INSPIRATIONS BY COLOUR PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY : DECORATIVE COLOUR-PATTERNS OF THE INFINITELY SMALL—  
SUBSTANCES WHOSE STRUCTURES SUGGEST BATIQUE WORK, INLAYS, AND CHINTZES.

These photo-micrographs are of the following : Top left—iodo-sulphate of quinine (crystallisation) ; top centre—whalebone ; top right—rhinoceros-horn ; centre—brucine (an alkaloid allied with strychnine) ; below, left—isatin (an organic product) ; below, right—irional (crystallisation).

PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS BY MME. ALBIN GUILLOT, IN COLLABORATION WITH M. H. RAGOT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



## Colour Photo-micrographs as Inspirations for Decorative Motifs.

PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS BY MME. ALBIN GUILLOT, IN COLLABORATION WITH M. H. RAGOT.

FROM its very beginnings Art has been influenced by Nature; and now, when there is a strong feeling abroad that every style has been exploited, that all that can be done is to repeat old themes, photography, allied to the microscope, has revealed a mysterious source of inspiration which is not only new, but offers unlimited possibilities. Henceforward painters and designers may abandon their old-fashioned plant and animal models, and cull decorative motifs from the prodigiously rich array of forms and harmonies concealed in the texture of thin slices of the infinitely small. The illustrations on this and on the preceding page are reproduced from a few of the numerous microscopic preparations made by the French scientists, M. and Mme. Albin Guillot; and they represent the triumphs of a complex

photographic technique, evolved with the assistance of M. Ragot (who is attached to the geological laboratory of the Faculty of Sciences). Our readers will certainly be interested to learn something of the delicate processes required to produce such gems of photo-micrography. The substance to be photographed (which is first fixed in elder pith) is pushed through a cylinder surmounted by a platform by means of a micrometric screw. That part of the substance which is permitted to project beyond the platform is then sliced off with a razor. By this method sections of as little as one-hundredth of a millimetre's thickness can be obtained. A mechanical slicing apparatus will yield sections of not more than five thousandths of a millimetre in thickness. But this system of producing the sections for photo-micrography is obviously useless in cases where the material to be prepared is hard—a rock, for instance. Suppose that a piece of granite is to be examined: one of its faces is rubbed with copper and brass plates covered with increasingly fine emery powder until it has been ground flat, when it is stuck on to a small glass slab. The other face is then ground down



NATURE'S SUGGESTION FOR A DELICATE DESIGN IN BLUE BUTTERFLY-WING AND GREY FEATHERS!—  
A PHOTO-MICROGRAPH OF BRAZILIN, AN ORGANIC PRODUCT OBTAINED FROM BRAZILWOOD.

in the same way, and the specimen as a whole thus reduced to a thickness of two or three hundredths of a millimetre. The photo-micrographic apparatus can now be brought into operation on the specimen. A brilliant light is required, a light with considerable power of penetration, in order that it may pass through the complicated optical system which consists, briefly (apart from the microscope itself), of a parallelising condenser, the lower nicol (a Nicol's prism for polarising the light), a special condenser, a lens to concentrate the light, the specimen itself, the object-glass, the upper nicol, and the eye-piece. The specimen has to be focussed—a most delicate operation, performed by turning the micrometer screw on the microscope. The image shows rather dimly on the focussing screen, and the point

of maximum clarity can only be determined with the help of a powerful magnifying glass. The highest degrees of magnification are obtained with a type of object glass that is united to the specimen by some liquid—very often oil of cedar. This method allows of enlargements of as much as 2000 diameters. A slide containing the sensitive photographic plate is then attached in place of the focussing screen. For black and white photography this plate is a panchromatic one, and is exposed in conjunction with colour-filters; but direct-colour plates may be substituted if colour photographs are to be taken. Lastly, nothing but practice can give the correct length of exposure, which may be anything from 20 seconds to 2 hours. Such is the complex technique which M. and Mme. Albin Guillot have built up with the collaboration of M. Ragot. We say technique advisedly, for the achievement of such wonders of colour photo-micrography as those we reproduce presupposes such a number of selective actions that, while the products of the process are in the highest sense scientific, they are also perfect works of art.



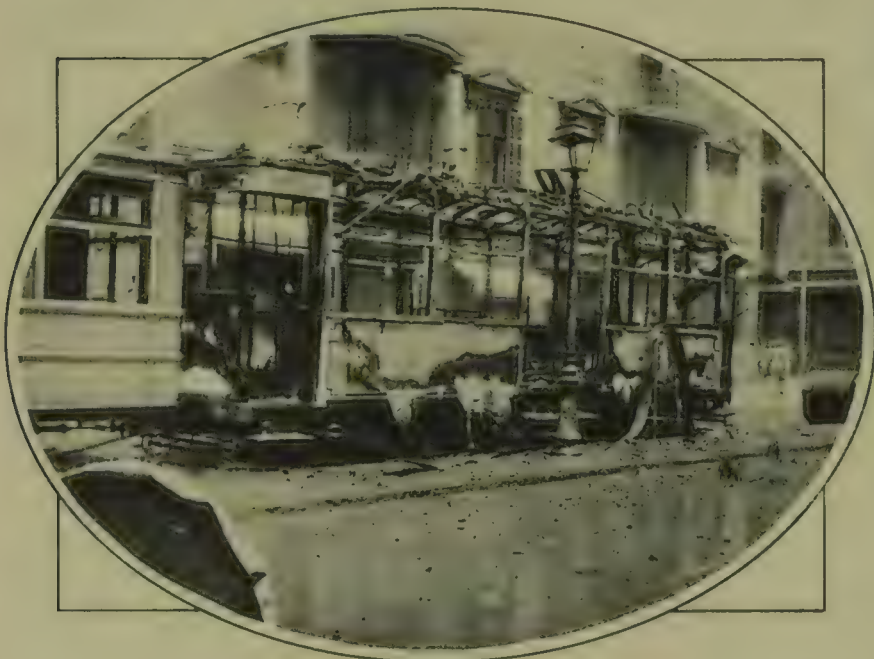
NATURE'S SUGGESTION FOR A FUTURISTIC PATTERN OF INLAID COLOURED WOODS!—  
A PHOTO-MICROGRAPH OF CAFFEIN (CRYSTALLISATION).



NATURE'S SUGGESTION FOR AN ULTRA-MODERN MULTICHROME WALL-PAPER WITH A BLACK BACKGROUND!—A PHOTO-MICROGRAPH OF BARIUM (CRYSTALLISATION).



# HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.



THE EGYPTIAN ELECTION RIOTS, IN WHICH 12 PEOPLE WERE KILLED: ONE OF TWO TRAM-CARS BURNT BY A MOB IN SHARIA BULAK, AN IMPORTANT STREET IN CAIRO. Serious rioting and bloodshed took place in Cairo on May 14, the opening day of the Egyptian elections. According to figures issued later by the Ministry of the Interior, 12 people were killed, including 2 women, and 119 injured. The military casualties, however, were not stated. Trouble broke out on the State railway before 8 a.m., when the polling was due to begin. The Saidi,



MILITARY ACTION DURING THE RIOTS AT CAIRO: EGYPTIAN INFANTRY MARCHING ALONG A RAILWAY TO DISLodge RIOTERS HOLDING-UP TRAINS IN THE STATION, or Upper Egyptian labourers, in the railway workshops broke machinery and barricaded the lines, so that the Luxor express and a train to Alexandria could not run. In Sharia Bulak, one of the principal streets of Cairo, youths threw stones at tram-cars and omnibuses, and the services were eventually stopped by a Saidi mob, who drove out the passengers. Petrol was poured over two tram-cars, which were then set alight and were completely burnt out.



A SPANISH NATIONAL MONUMENT DESTROYED: THE CHAPEL OF S. JOSÉ AT SEVILLE.



ANOTHER VIEW IN THE BURNT-OUT INTERIOR OF S. JOSÉ: ONE OF THE WALLS.

Further pictorial evidence of the wanton destruction of Spanish art treasures during the recent anti-clerical riots continues to arrive. Besides the examples previously illustrated, we give here two photographs showing the effects of incendiarism at Seville, a city famous for its religious processions, where martial law was proclaimed. One account stated: "At Seville the chapel of St. Joseph in the Capuchin Convent, a national monument of art, was sacked, the altars profaned, and all the pictures and statues destroyed."



ROYAL INTEREST IN THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: THE KING AND QUEEN GOING ROUND THE GROUNDS DURING THEIR PRIVATE VISIT BEFORE THE OPENING.

The King and Queen, attended by Lord Amptill and Captain Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, R.N., visited the Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Gardens of the Royal Hospital, at Chelsea, on May 19. They spent over an hour inspecting the exhibits, and the King congratulated the organisers on the exceptionally high standard attained. The show may, indeed, be described as a triumph for the gardener over the weather, for in spite of a very late spring, and the recent spell of cold and wet, the display was magnificent.



AMONG THE 27,000 VISITORS ON WHIT MONDAY AT THE WHIPSNAD "ZOO"—CHILDREN FEEDING A WALLABY.

On the actual opening day—Saturday, May 23—bad weather adversely affected the attendance at the new Zoological Park at Whipsnade, Bedfordshire, which was fully illustrated, we may recall, in our last number. On Whit Monday, however, the sun made amends and the

[Continued below.]



A DROMEDARY LENDS AN ORIENTAL TOUCH TO ENGLISH LANDSCAPE: A PICTURESQUE VIEW IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK AT WHIPSNAD, LOOKING TOWARDS IVINGHOE BEACON. bright day attracted large crowds not only from London, but from the Midlands and the Eastern Counties. At the end of the day it was announced that the number of visitors who had passed through the turnstiles was 27,054. The available road transport in the district, from Luton and Dunstable, the nearest stations, proved unequal to the unexpectedly heavy demand, and the congestion of traffic became so serious that the railway companies eventually ceased to issue any further excursion tickets.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



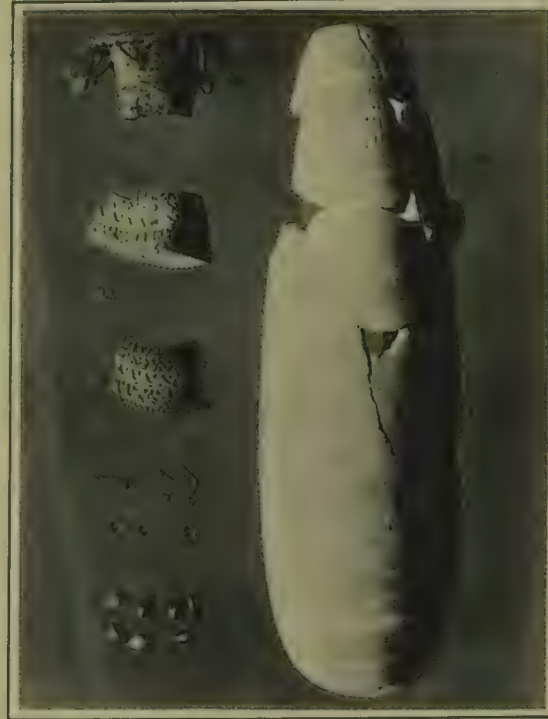
**TITANIC SCULPTURE: A HUGE HEAD OF WASHINGTON IN THE MOUNT RUSHMORE MONUMENT, SOUTH DAKOTA.**

The men examining this sculpture indicate its colossal size. Heads of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt will compose the Mount Rushmore National Monument in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It was begun in 1927, and dedicated by President Coolidge. It will probably take another five years to complete.



**AFTER RESTORATION: AN EGYPTIAN ALABASTER VASE WITH ELECTRUM FILIGREE COLLAR AND NECK.**

The above two photographs illustrate a fine example of restoration work recently completed in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, U.S.A., by Mr. W. J. Young. The object here seen is an ancient Egyptian alabaster vase, of the Ethiopian period, from Nuri, found by Professor Reisner during excavations in the Sudan. The silver top had been so badly crushed and corroded as to conceal the design altogether. By chemical treatment and reconstruction, its beauty has been made apparent. [Photographs by Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.]



**BEFORE RESTORATION: THE DAMAGED ALABASTER VASE, WITH THE FRAGMENTS OF THE FILIGREE TOP.**



**REHEARSING A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: A CHARGE OF ROMAN CAVALRY FOR THE EPISODE OF THE ROMAN INVASION OF BRITAIN.** Preparations and rehearsals are in active progress for this year's Aldershot Tattoo, to be held, as heretofore, in the Rushmore Arena, from June 13 to June 20. Among many other picturesque historical spectacles arranged is that illustrating the Roman invasion of Britain, the revolt of Boadicea, and her eventual defeat and capture. The Roman troops will be seen landing from their galleys, and later there will be a dashing charge of Roman cavalry.



**A FAMOUS AMERICAN RACING EVENT RECENTLY BROADCAST TO ENGLISH LISTENERS: THE KENTUCKY DERBY—A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE THE START.**

A broadcast commentary on the Kentucky Derby, relayed by the National Broadcasting Company of America from Churchill Downs, Lexington, Kentucky, formed an item on the B.B.C. programme on the evening of May 16. The race is a classic event of the American turf, over a course of 1½ miles. This time it was won by Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand, which made a new record of 2 min. 14.5 sec. The prize was 50,000 dollars.



**A LARGE MODEL OF NELSON'S "VICTORY" TOWED PAST THE HISTORIC SHIP HERSELF: THE REPLICA BUILT FOR THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY WEEK.**

A large model of H.M.S. "Victory" has been built at Portsmouth, where it was recently launched, in order to take part in the celebrations of Navy Week there. In our photograph it is seen being towed past the "Victory" herself, now, of course, no longer afloat. The model was not then fitted with masts and rigging, but these form an exact replica of the famous ship.



**THE SEA BURIAL OF TWO PILOTS KILLED IN AN AIR COLLISION: WREATHS FLOATING ON THE MORAY FIRTH AFTER THE CEREMONY ON BOARD H.M.S. "COURAGEOUS."**

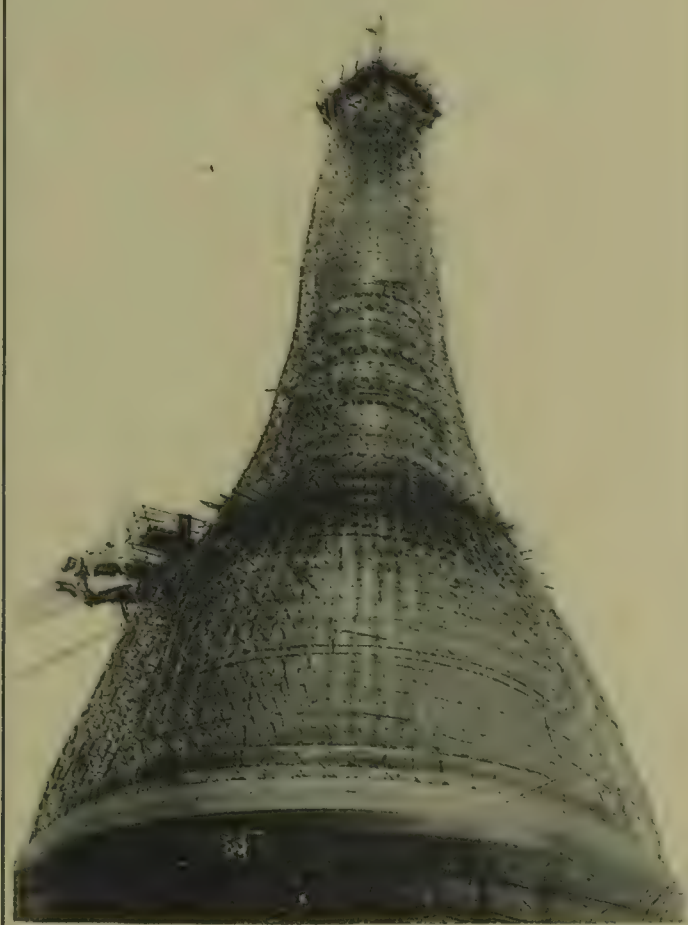
The sea burial of Lieut. H. Nangle, R.N., and Lieut. J. Colquhoun, R.N., two air pilots who were killed in an air crash on May 20, took place in Moray Firth recently. Both were R.A.F. flying officers, and the collision occurred when they were acting as pilots of two Dart aircraft of No. 464 (Fleet Torpedo Bomber) Flight, from the aircraft-carrier "Courageous."



## £71,250 GLOBE AND PRICELESS VANE REHOISTED ON THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA.



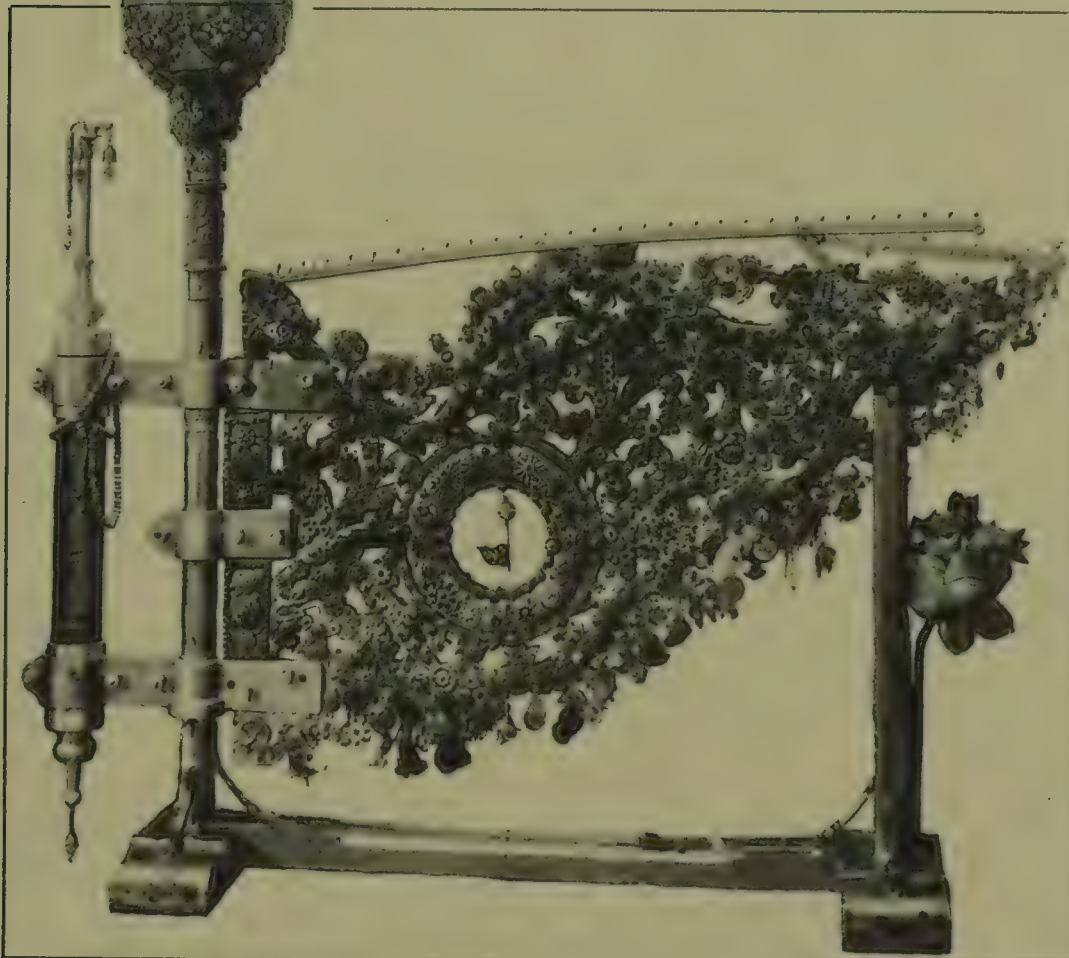
ON THE WAY TO THE *HTI* (THE UMBRELLA): THE CEREMONIAL CAR CONTAINING THE JEWELLED WEATHER-VANE, AND ALSO A TRUSTEE OF THE PAGODA AND TWO OFFICIALS DRESSED AS NATS, BEING HOISTED TO THE TOP OF THE SHWE DAGON.



THE WEATHER-VANE IN PLACE AGAIN ON THE *HTI* OF THE PAGODA: THE GOLD, BEJEWELLED *SEIN-BU* AND *HNET-MYAT-NA* SURMOUNTING THE SHWE DAGON.

IT will be recalled that one of the results of the devastating earthquake which occurred in Burma on the evening of May 5 of last year was a certain amount of damage to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, in Rangoon, the weather-vane of which was dislodged. Our photographs illustrate the ceremonial replacing of the weather-vane in question, an event which took place with much pomp on April 30 last. The *Sein-Bu*, the diamond-studded Globe, is said to be worth over nine-and-a-half lakhs of rupees—and a "lakh" equals 100,000 rupees (about £7500). So far as the value of the *Hnet-myat-Na*, the ornate, much-jewelled vane, is concerned, this has not been estimated; for certain of the rubies and emeralds which embellish it are supposed to be priceless. A correspondent notes that the weight of the *Sein-Bu* is 11 viss (that is to say, 40.15 lb. avoirdupois);

its diameter is 10 inches; its length is 3 feet. The *Hnet-myat-Na* weighs 33 viss (that is to say, 120.45 lb. avoirdupois), while its length is 4 feet 8 inches and its breadth is 2 feet 4 inches. The first illustration shows the weather-vane being conveyed to its position on the *hti* (or, umbrella) surmounting the Pagoda in a "car" called the *Yatabyan*, in which sit a Trustee of the Pagoda and two officials dressed as Nats. Many pious Buddhists attended; for the Shwe Dagon is of very exceptional sanctity: it is not only the oldest and the finest, but the most generally visited of all the places of worship in Indo-China.



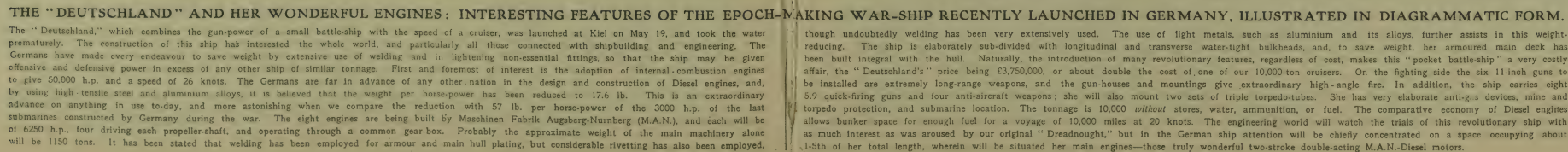
THE DIAMOND-STUDDED, GOLDEN GLOBE AND THE JEWELLED VANE, THE FORMER OF WHICH IS VALUED AT AT LEAST £71,000: THE *SEIN-BU*, WHICH HAS A DIAMETER OF 10 INCHES (LEFT); AND THE *HNET-MYAT-NA*, WHICH IS 4 FEET 8 INCHES LONG.



THE DIAMOND-ENCRUSTED GLOBE: THE *SEIN-BU*, WHICH IS SAID TO BE WORTH 9½ LAKHS OF RUPEES.

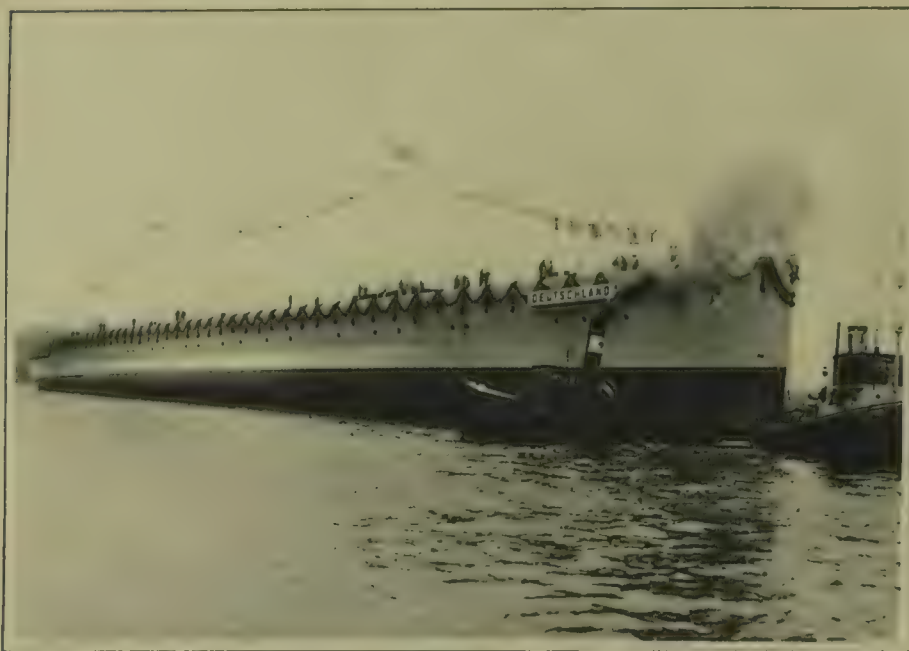


DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAY, FROM PRIVATE INFORMATION RECEIVED





## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



GERMANY'S "POCKET BATTLE-SHIP" IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE HAD BEEN LAUNCHED—PREMATURELY—AT KIEL: THE "DEUTSCHLAND," WHICH PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG HAD TO NAME "FROM AFAR."

Germany's much-discussed "pocket battle-ship," which is illustrated diagrammatically on a double-page in this number, was launched by President von Hindenburg at Kiel on May 19. Thanks to an over-eager official, she took the water before the German Chancellor had finished his speech, and the President, who was unable to break the customary bottle of champagne across her bows, could only name her, as the "Times" had it, from afar.



A VERY REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CRASH: A SNAPSHOT TAKEN AS THE AEROPLANE PILOTED BY "SPEED" HOLMAN STRUCK THE GROUND AT A SPEED OF 200 MILES AN HOUR.

During the recent Omaha Air Races, Mr. Charles W. ("Speed") Holman crashed in full view of a crowd of 20,000 people whom he was seeking to thrill with "stunt" flying while comparatively close to the ground—in point of fact, with a "barrel roll." The correspondent who sent the photograph to this country adds the information that the speed of the machine at the moment of impact was two hundred miles an hour.



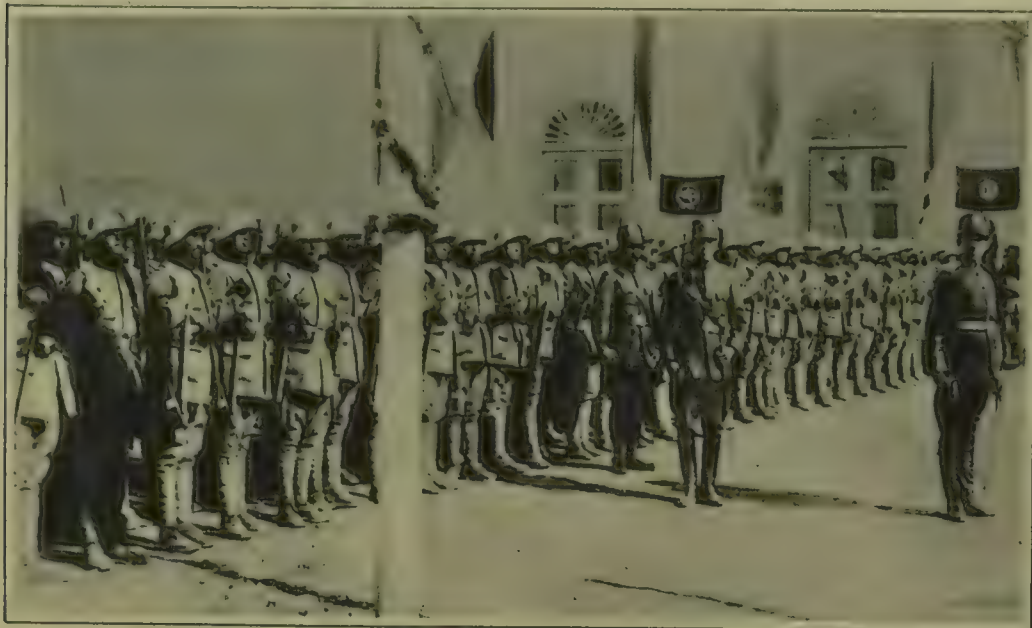
A MOTOR-CAR CRASHES INTO THE GATES AT A LEVEL-CROSSING AND IS STRUCK BY A TRAIN: AT THE SCENE OF THE BEDDINGHAM DISASTER—WITH THE WRECKAGE OF THE CAR IN THE DITCH BY THE LINE.

Four people—two young men and two girls—were killed at a level-crossing at Beddingham, near Lewes, just after ten at night on May 23. It would appear that the car in which they were driving skidded into the closed level-crossing gates. A signalman saw the smash, but could not stop the oncoming Brighton-Eastbourne-Hastings train, which struck the motor-car and threw it into the ditch by the line.



THE AEROPLANE CRASH WHICH COST THE LIVES OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER GLEN KIDSTON AND CAPTAIN T. A. GLADSTONE: WRECKAGE OF THE MACHINE ON THE DRAKENSBURG MOUNTAINS, SIXTEEN MILES NORTH OF THE VAN REENEN PASS.

It will be recalled that Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston and Captain T. A. Gladstone were killed when their machine crashed during a flight from Johannesburg to Pietermaritzburg and Durban, on May 5. The accident occurred at about 11.20 in the morning, close to the mountain called Tantjesberg. A storekeeper who saw the disaster found both the occupants of the aeroplane dead when he reached it. An enquiry as to the precise cause of the smash is now being carried on.



THE LATEST PHASE OF THE RE-EQUIPMENT OF THE AFGHAN ARMY: TROOPS IN NEW STEEL HELMETS OF THE GERMAN PATTERN—WITH OFFICERS IN THE CUSTOMARY CAPS.

With regard to the first of the two photographs immediately above, it will be recalled that we have had occasion to call attention several times to the Europeanisation of Afghanistan's standing army. The steel helmet is the latest addition to the new equipment: but, according to our informant, it is worn, at present, only by the men, and not by officers. As to the second photograph, it may be said that a landslide some twelve miles from Tours buried a farmer and his

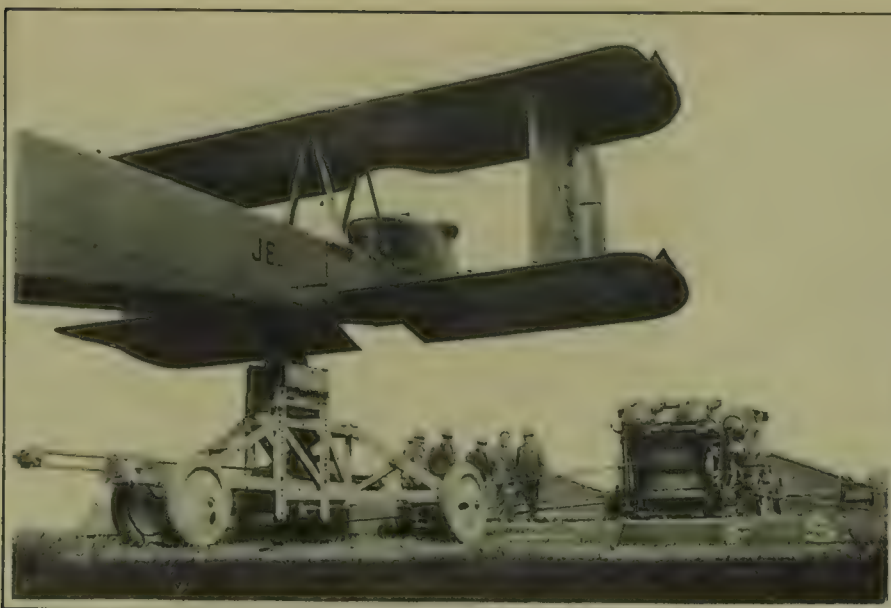


THE BURIAL BY A LANDSLIDE NEAR TOURS OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. H. DUNLAP, U.S. MARINE CORPS: A RESCUE-PARTY AT WORK.

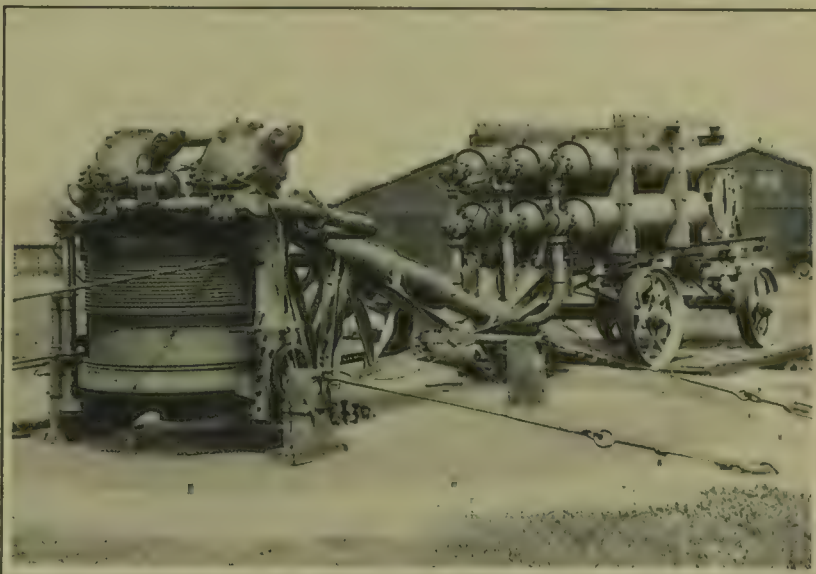
wife in a cave beneath a mass of rock, earth, and mud. Brigadier-General R. H. Dunlap, of the United States Marine Corps, the occupier of a chateau near by, went to the rescue, only to be buried in turn. Many sought to save him, but he was dead when found. The farmer perished, but his wife survived, joists having prevented the rocks falling upon her. A portrait of the General is on our Personal Page. He was in France to study French military methods.



## "CATAPULTING" A SEVEN-TON BOMBER : A NEW LAND TYPE OF LAUNCHING APPARATUS.



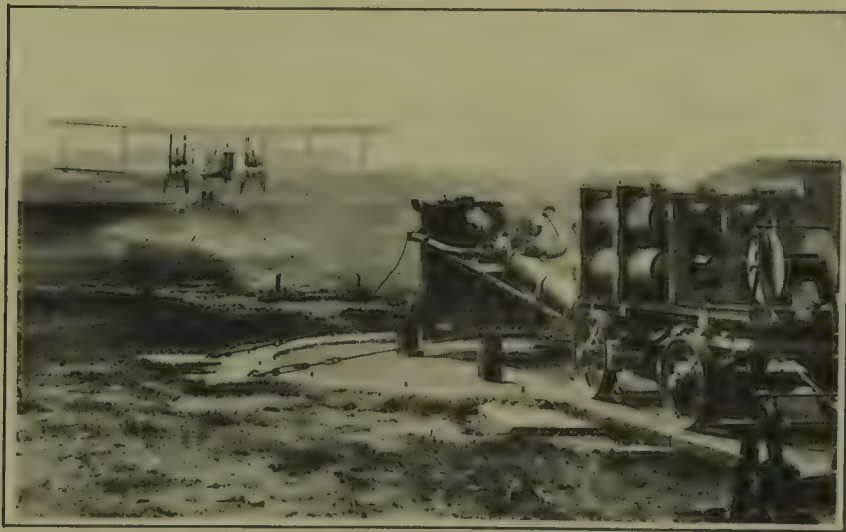
IN READINESS FOR LAUNCHING BY THE NEW CATAPULT (SEEN IN RIGHT BACKGROUND): THE TAIL OF A GIANT "VIRGINIA" BOMBER SUPPORTED ON A TROLLEY WHICH PULLS THE AEROPLANE AT GREAT SPEED AND THUS LAUNCHES IT AFTER A VERY SHORT RUN.



THE MOTIVE POWER OF THE NEW R.A.F. LAND TYPE OF AEROPLANE-LAUNCHING CATAPULT: THE SIX COMPRESSED-AIR CYLINDERS (RIGHT) WHICH ROTATE THE DRUM (LEFT) ON WHICH IS WOUND A STEEL CABLE.



CATAPULTING A SEVEN-TON BOMBER INTO THE AIR IN THREE SECONDS AFTER A RUN OF ONLY 100 FT.: THE FIRST PHASE OF THE SUCCESSFUL TEST AT FARNBOROUGH—THE AEROPLANE AT THE MOMENT OF ITS RELEASE FROM THE TROLLEY.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER: THE AEROPLANE RISING INTO THE AIR AFTER HAVING BEEN CATAPULTED BY THE COMPRESSED-AIR APPARATUS (SHOWN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND).

The new land type of catapult, for launching military aeroplanes in a small space, which has been built for the Royal Air Force and will be demonstrated in the R.A.F. display at Hendon on June 27, was successfully tested at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough on May 21, as shown in the above photographs. A giant "Virginia" twin-engined bomber, weighing over 7 tons, was catapulted into the air in 3 seconds after a run of only 100 ft., whereas the usual take-off run is nine times as long. Before the end of the run the aeroplane had attained a speed of 57 miles an hour. The new catapult, unlike the naval type, launches the aeroplane by traction instead of propulsion. The motive power is a 3000 h.p. compressed-air engine, rotating a drum on which is wound



THE COMPLETION OF A PERFECT LAUNCH, BY CATAPULT, AT A SPEED OF 57 M.P.H. ATTAINED BEFORE THE END OF THE 100-FT. RUN WAS REACHED: THE "VIRGINIA" BOMBER IN THE AIR.

a steel cable. The cable is connected by quick-release hooks to the trolley, and then carried on to a pulley let into the ground at the end of the run. The turning of the drum causes the trolley to pull the aeroplane towards the pulley. Near the end of the run, mechanism releases both the cable hooks and the trolley, so that the aeroplane, having gained flying speed with the assistance of its own engines, flies off under its own power.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE VERY REV. F. G. H. WILLIAMS.**  
Appointed Dean of Manchester in succession to the Rev. Hewlett Johnson, May 21. Dean of Llandaff. Is forty-nine. London secretary, Student Christian Movement, 1905. Secretary of the Missionary Council, National Church Assembly, 1924-29.



**MR. P. H. B. LYON.**  
Appointed Headmaster of Rugby School, May 19, in succession to Mr. Vaughan, who is retiring. Is 37, and an old Rugbyman. Rector of Edinburgh Academy, 1926. Served in the war; and was wounded and taken prisoner, 1918.



**MR. R. D. PERKINS.**  
Elected M.P. (Cons.), May 22, in the Stroud by-election caused by the resignation of Sir Frank Nelson. Had a majority of 6953; 71% of the electors voting. He described the result as a splendid vindication of Protection.



**MR. D. HARDIE.**  
Elected M.P. (Labour), May 22, in the by-election at Rutherglen caused by the death of the former Labour member, Mr. William Wright. Had a majority of 883—against a Labour majority of 5289 at the last General Election. A brother of the late Mr. Keir Hardie.



**MR. S. B. JOEL.**  
("Solly" Joel). Multi-millionaire. South African diamond mining magnate, and a notable figure on the Turf. Died, May 22, aged 65. "Ruling spirit" of the South African Diamond Syndicate. Owned Polymelus, Pommern, and other famous horses.



**R. H. THOMAS BREAKING THE AMATEUR ONE-MILE RECORD.**

R. H. Thomas, the R.A.F. runner and A.A.A. one-mile champion, broke the British record for the mile by 2.5 sec. at the British Games held at Stamford Bridge on May 25. His time was 4 min. 13.25 sec.



**CAUTION PERSONIFIED: MR. JOHN DE FOREST, RUNNER-UP IN THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, EXAMINING HIS LIE.**

Mr. Eric Martin Smith (aged twenty-two) beat Mr. John de Forest (two years his senior) by one hole in the

(Continued opposite.



**MR. ERIC MARTIN SMITH (WITH CUP), WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, WITH MR. JOHN DE FOREST, THE RUNNER-UP.**

(Continued.)

final of the Amateur Golf Championship at Westward Ho! on May 22. Except for one shot, the winner played entirely with hickory shafts, as opposed to de Forest, who is described as an "all-steel man." In the morning Martin Smith's score was 41 and 39, and de Forest's 42 and 40; in the afternoon Martin Smith's was 39 and 40, and de Forest's 39 and 38. Eric Martin Smith won on the 36th green—one up.



**PROFESSOR EINSTEIN AT OXFORD, AS AN HONORARY DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.**

The honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on Professor Einstein at Oxford on May 23. He went from the Sheldonian Theatre after the ceremony to Rhodes House and delivered his third Rhodes lecture on "The Theory of Relativity."



**BRIG.-GENERAL R. H. DUNLAP.**  
United States Marine Corps. Buried in a landslip near Tours while attempting to rescue a farmer and his wife, May 19. His body was recovered on May 20.



**PROFESSOR W. D. HALLIBURTON.**  
Died, May 21; aged 70. Emeritus Professor of Physiology, King's College. Edited successive editions of Kirkes's "Physiology." Assistant Professor of Pathology, University College, 1883. Professor of Physiology, King's College, 1889-1928. Baly Medallist at the Royal College of Physicians.



**THE NEW SPANISH AMBASSADOR (CENTRE), WITH HIS WIFE, AT VICTORIA STATION.**

The new Spanish Ambassador, Señor Don Ramon Perez de Ayala, and Señora Perez de Ayala, were met at Victoria Station on May 21 by Mr. Arthur Henderson's representative. They were given an uproarious welcome by a crowd of some two hundred persons.





IN A CLASS BY ITSELF





BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.R. THE PRINCE OF WALES



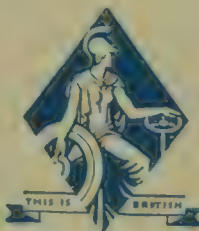
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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SHALL we ever become as familiar with the U.S.E. as we are with the U.S.A.? And if Asia and Africa should then imitate Europe and form United States, what would the U.S.A. do about it? They would have to be the U.S.Am., to distinguish them from the U.S.Af., and the U.S.As. Perhaps, for the moment, we can shelve this little problem of terminology and confine ourselves to the more pressing question of the United States of Europe. I remember receiving pamphlets concerning this proposition some time before 1914, but, like many other matters, it was unavoidably postponed "owing to the war." At the time, the war did not seem to be doing much to promote the end in view, but, at any rate, it brought home to many people the inconveniences attached to disunion. Thus it has come about that post-war Europe is more inclined than pre-war Europe to consider the scheme as within the range of practical politics. Personally, I think that Europe will be more difficult to unify than America was, for, although the colonists of America were racially mixed, they had this in common—that they had all left some European country in search of greater freedom. They have managed largely to merge those racial differences which in Europe are still distinct and disturbing.

The books down for discussion this week are concerned partly with the war itself, and partly with certain aspects of Europe before and since. The first on the list is a filial memoir of the famous soldier who led the Old Contemptibles, namely, "THE LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, FIRST EARL OF YPRES." By his Son, Major the Hon. Gerald French, D.S.O. With Forewords by Marshal Joffre and Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. With eight Plates (Cassell; 15s.). In this volume, of course, Major French covers the whole of his father's career, and the section on the Great War occupies about a quarter of the whole. The first half records his father's early life, service in Egypt and the Sudan, the South African War, his command at Aldershot, his work as Inspector-General of the Forces and Chief of the General Staff, and his resignation in connection with the Curragh "Insurrection." Coming to the Great War (in Chapter 30), Major French says: "It is not my intention to describe the campaign on the Western Front (1914-15) in detail, but merely . . . to give a brief account of my father's part in it." The subsequent chapters (46 to 55) describe Lord Ypres' activities after his recall—as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces and Viceroy of Ireland, and, finally, his occupation in retirement, and as Captain of Deal Castle, until his death in 1925.

Though, perhaps, not very remarkable for literary distinction, this biography conveys an interesting impression of a vivid personality, with some of those intimate glimpses (they might, I think, have been more numerous) only possible to a near relative. The short autobiographical fragment in the Field-Marshal's own words, which, unfortunately, he did not continue beyond his early days as a young cavalry subaltern, is given, I presume, from a hitherto unpublished manuscript. It recalls the fact that he began his career in the Navy. He was serving in the *Warrior* that tragic night when the *Captain* capsized, only a few hundred yards away. He transferred to the Army of his own accord. The story of the Boer War has a certain freshness to-day, since it was wiped out of memory by the greater conflict. In a life of Lord Ypres, however, it necessarily bulks large, and the book reminds us of his brilliant successes. The great reputation he then made as a dashing cavalry leader found expression in some Kiplingesque verses, which Major French quotes from memory as having appeared in a London evening paper:

There's a General of 'orse which is French,  
You've 'eard of 'im o' course, Fightin' French,  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a brick,  
An' 'e's up to every trick,  
And 'e moves amazin' quick,  
Don't yer, French?

Major French's chapters on the Great War are mainly a compilation, consisting of extracts from his father's

diary, with letters and other communications from various people, loosely strung together by short connecting links of narrative. Considerable space is given to "the Shells scandal" and disagreements with Lord Kitchener. Major French naturally follows the paternal lead in these regrettable disputes. He could hardly have avoided reference to them if he was to present his father's life fully and accurately, but I think he might have mentioned whether the numerous diary extracts are fresh contributions to the story, or whether they are merely repetitions from what has already been published. The late Professor Huxley (the original of that ilk) says somewhere that no literary dish is less appetising than cold controversy. I am not at all sure, however, that this particular controversy is cold, or will become so within our lifetime.

It is pleasanter to remember Lord Allenby's tribute to the memory of his old Commander. "It is," he writes, "to the influence and example of Lord Ypres—or, as I knew him best, Sir John French—that I personally owe every success which has come to me in my military career. . . . Major French has written fully and freely; and has drawn a faithful portrait both of the man and the soldier. Those of us—and we are many—who admired and loved Lord Ypres can appreciate how true to life is the character sketched in these pages. . . . No captain of any age earned or retained in larger measure the devotion of his

personal records of air

warfare included are thrilling, such as Lieut. Tempest's story of his aeroplane attack on Zeppelin "L. 31," which he brought down at Potter's Bar, barely escaping the fiery wreckage as it hurtled down above him. "Such," we read, "was the end of Heinrich Mathy, the greatest airship commander of the war. . . . Those who are minded to condemn the Zeppelin commanders for their attacks on this country may be referred to the words inscribed over the grave in a Suffolk churchyard of the crew of a later Zeppelin: 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth.'" It is to the master of those faithful servants, we may infer, that the responsibility belongs. Such a book as this tends to emphasise the oft-repeated statement that air-raids will be far more devastating in any future conflict that may occur in disunited Europe.

Whatever opinion may be held of Lord Kitchener's action regarding munitions, it is evident that the R.A.F., at least, owes much to his judgment and foresight. In a section on recruitment and training for the Royal Flying Corps early in the war, we read: "The outstanding factors in the creation of new squadrons were the vision and backing of Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War. The day after the original squadrons left for overseas, he sent for Lieut.-Colonel Branker and told him he would require large numbers of new squadrons to co-operate with the new armies." An estimate was prepared as a forecast of requirements for some distance ahead. "But," the writer proceeds, "it did not look ahead far enough for Lord Kitchener. When the papers reached him, on 21 December, 1914, he gave his approval in these words: 'A.D.M.A. ought to be prepared to double this.' Those few words lifted the whole subject to a different plane. They came as a tonic and incentive to the directing staff of the Flying Corps, created an atmosphere in the War Office favourable to a generous consideration of the air-service demands."

I had hoped to deal with various other noteworthy books bearing on wars and results of wars in Europe, but space is dwindling, and I must reserve for some future occasion such works as "THE ALLIED SECRET SERVICE IN GREECE." By Sir Basil Thomson. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 21s.); "A NOMAD UNDER ARMS." The Chronicle of an Artilleryman from 1914 to the Armistice. By Ben Assher. Illustrated

(Witherby; 12s. 6d.); "THE INNER HISTORY OF THE BALKAN WAR." By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Reginald Rankin. Volume II. of the Author's collected works. (Lane; 12s. 6d.); and "AUSTRIA." By J. D. Newth. Beautifully illustrated in colour (A. and C. Black; 7s. 6d.). For the present it must suffice to give a short extract from a personal account of recent journeyings in Eastern Europe, namely, "EUROPEAN ENCOUNTERS." A Travel Note-Book. By Hubert Griffith. With 16 illustrations and a Map (Lane; 8s. 6d.). I select this particular quotation because it rounds off the present screed rather appropriately with a passage bearing on my introductory remarks.

Mr. Griffith takes us in his travels, among other places, to Germany, Riga, Poland, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Constantinople. Finally, summing up his impressions, he says: "I have seen enough war to have the right to talk as a pacifist. For four years, from the age of seventeen onwards, I was in turn a private, a staff-officer, and in the Flying Corps. . . . My whole tour in the farther-off, less civilised side of Europe seemed to turn itself into a living and overwhelming illustration of the need of one thing. . . . That thing is the United States of Europe—that, or as near an equivalent as can be worked out for taking away from individual States the sovereign power to declare war. . . . I would abolish all armies except one army, a particularly lethal army that no one would think of defying, that would be the armed police force of Europe, or ultimately of the world." But its commander might become the world's Dictator!

C. E. B.



A GOLD COACH FOR A GREAT INDIAN RULER: THE NEW STATE CARRIAGE OF H.H. THE MAHARAJA GAEKWAR SIR SAYAJI RAO III. OF BARODA, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., WHICH IS SAID TO BE WORTH SOME THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND RUPEES.

It is of particular interest to record that the carriage was purchased in London in unornamented condition—from Thrupp and Maberly's—and was then decorated by Indian artist-craftsmen, who covered it with gold plates and other gold embellishments, transforming it into the ornate State coach seen in our photograph. The work took four years, and the value of the carriage as it stands is said to be about 300,000 rupees. Its owner rules beneficently over a State which is 8135 square miles in extent, with a population of 2,126,500 souls, and he is a very valued friend of the British Raj. During the Great War he gave 154 horses and thirteen tents for military purposes, and funds amounting in all to some 2,970,000 rupees, plus 12,000 rupees a month from January 1916 until the end of the War.

subordinates and the affection of his friends, and to no one of her many distinguished sons does our Empire owe a greater debt of gratitude."

As Commander-in-Chief at home in 1916, Lord French (as he was then) was responsible for the defence of the country against aircraft. Several allusions to his work in this capacity occur in a new volume of the Official History of the War, entitled "THE WAR IN THE AIR." Being the Story of the Part Played in the Great War by the Royal Air Force. Vol. III. By H. A. Jones (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 17s. 6d.; or with box of Maps; 23s. 6d.). This is a book that will appeal not only to members of the R.A.F. and military readers generally, but to a large number of civilians, especially those whose lot it was to spend the war years in London, on the East Coast, or in certain parts of the Midlands, for the book includes a full account of the German air-raids (by Zeppelin and aeroplane) from 1914 to December 1916. Other chapters describe respectively air operations in East and South-West Africa, including the destruction of the cruiser *Königsberg*, the organisation of the British air forces, and air fighting on the Western Front in the winter of 1916 and during the Battles of Arras in 1917. The book itself contains several excellent folding maps, with various tabular information; while in the supplementary box are forty-two other maps showing typical aeroplane raids and the routes followed by the various Zeppelins.

The whole work seems to me to be a model of lucid explanation and exhaustive cartography. Some of the





TIGER ROCKS, WHERE THE MAN-EATER HAD HIS LAIR: "CLUSTERS OF BOULDERS FORMING CAVES, THE NATURAL HAUNT OF THE FELIDE," IN THE FOREST RESERVE OF DANAULI.

IT was while I was on the trek by bullock-cart from one reserve to another in the Central Provinces, one winter shooting leave, that I first heard of the terror of Danauli. Calling at a wayside post office, I found my official shooting-licence awaiting me, and thrilled to the ominous words scrawled across the foot of the first page—"A tiger has been killing people in this block for the past few months."

Hunting the man-eating tiger is far more intense than the slaying of ordinary game or cattle-killers. Whereas the normal jungle tiger is baited with a tied-up buffalo calf, and beaten from his lair after a heavy meal from its carcass, the man-eater requires far more careful handling. The cattle-killer normally returns to his kill until naught remains but the bones, and can be safely shot from a convenient "machan," or platform. But the man-eater pursues different tactics. Knowing that he has transgressed the jungle law, "Thou shalt not kill man," he eats his fill and never revisits the scene of his crime—knowing full well that the entire village will be out for revenge.

Nor will he kill a buffalo bait once he has accustomed his appetite to human blood. The alternatives are to prohibit all "Gonds" (local jungle folk) from going into the jungle, and thus drive him to kill cattle, or to follow the gruesome trail in the hopes of finding him still eating his wretched victim. The former alternative cannot be enforced, and the latter, although suicidal, has perforce to be adopted—suicidal, as the blood trail has to be followed either utterly alone, or, on the other hand, in the company of a frenzied crowd to the accompaniment of drums and fireworks. This latter is quite obviously useless.

Half-way between the sacred temples of Amarkantak—the source of the holy river Nerbudda—and the old Gondian hamlet of Mandla, between the Nerbudda and Chikrar rivers, lies the forest reserve of Danauli, seventy-odd square miles of well-watered tiger cover, some fifteen miles long. Throughout its length at 2000 feet runs a plateau, shoulder-high with unburnt elephant grass and large clusters of boulders, forming caves—the natural haunt of the *felide*. This was the little-trodden realm of the Danauli man-eater. One victim—a woman—and a small boy were returning from cutting wood when the tiger sprang upon the woman and dragged her off, while the terror-stricken boy dropped his all and fled for the village. This information reached me in camp within half an hour. This was well over his thirtieth victim.



## THE TERROR OF DANAULI.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A MAN-EATING TIGER, TRACKED AND SHOT  
BY THE AUTHOR AT CLOSE QUARTERS IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.



By LEONARD M. H. HANDLEY, M.C., F.R.G.S. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

What ensued was typical of the many corpse-recovering thrills I experienced.

We had been told that the kill had taken place in the lower jungles; nevertheless, after half an hour we were still ascending the slopes of Bagreli, in the thickest of tiger jungle. Wet through with perspiration, we reached the top of the ridge, and the boy cast about for his whereabouts. The only evident clue in this tangle of undergrowth was the pile of sticks dropped by the woman when she had been killed. It will always remain a mystery to me how the boy, convulsed with fear, ever lighted on these in this veritable maze. He cast for well over ten minutes, while I stood by, finger on trigger, listening for any sounds of the murderer. Suddenly he

stumbled right on the pile of sticks, the axe, and a pool of fresh blood. The trail was now easier to follow, but infinitely more dangerous. My following faded away into the forest gloom, and I was left starkly alone to proceed along the trail. It led at first downhill, the undergrowth getting denser and denser. After about a hundred yards of intense fear, I came suddenly on the blood-stained cloth she had been wearing.

The excitement of four years of war, and many years of peace in the strangest of places, was concentrated in the next quarter of an hour, and easily surpassed. Then came the moment when the man-eater's handiwork loomed as a sinister patch in the sunlight ahead of me. I lost no time in scrambling up a leafy tree over the kill. It wanted two hours to sunset and there was just a chance that the man-eater would return to finish his meal. I decided to sit up till about nine, when the young moon set. My perch was a good fifteen feet in the air, and I had an uninterrupted view of the corpse.

Far away over the western jungles the sun sank behind the low line of hills, and a chilly breeze rustled the grass about the gruesome object fading into the shadows at my feet. From far below I heard the sound of some animal approaching the kill over the dry leaves, and every pulse in my body throbbed,

below, the blurred lights in the village and the throb of a drum reminded me that I was some two miles from home, in a man-eater's jungle, with a clouded moon. It was distinctly nasty on the ground again, and I hastily left the poor thing to her lonely grave and wended my dangerous way downhill, with many a pause to listen to the jungle noises around me. . . .

After weeks of intense watching of water-holes, of dangerous perambulations in high elephant-grass; after one of my most trusted trackers had been seized from the camp-fire at my side—came Nemesis. Only two miles away this time, and the kill only half an hour old. From far ahead we heard the man-eater on his prey—that never-to-be-forgotten sound. Our time had come. At long last the man-eater was within killing distance.



ONE OF OVER THIRTY HUMAN VICTIMS OF THE TIGER: A TRUSTED GOND SHIKARI, WHO WAS DRAGGED FROM THE AUTHOR'S CAMP-FIRE AND DEVoured BY THE MAN-EATER.

The ground sloped upwards, so step by step we made a détour to get above him. It is suicide to take on a charging tiger from below. As we moved, this time probably incautiously, he stopped eating and there was an ominous silence. We froze in our tracks and the gnawing sounds recommenced. At

last we were on the slope above him, yet still we could not see him. Placing the Gonds up trees, step by step, finger on trigger, I moved down through the undergrowth towards him. Only twenty yards separated me from a full-grown tiger still devouring his kill. . . . It was easily the most intense moment of my life.

Still the terrible gnawing continued. At last I thought I caught sight of a striped body crouched to the ground. There was an ominous growl, and he started dragging his prey down-hill. At last I saw him clearly—a great yellow-and-black striped beast looking back over his shoulder at me. Resting my .470 against a tree, I aimed for the back of the neck and pressed the trigger, closely followed by a second barrel. . . . He dropped, quivered a moment and

lashed his tail, and never moved again. There were eighteen yards between us at the end. And thus came swift and overdue retribution to the terror of Danauli.



A GROUP OF GOND TRACKERS: TYPES OF THE LOCAL JUNGLE FOLK OF THE DANAULI FOREST RESERVE IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES OF INDIA.

only to die down as the footsteps passed away uphill. The sun set and I lost sight of the corpse, and a chilly rain pattered down through the leaves. Far



## FACE TO FACE WITH A MAN-EATER: ON THE TRAIL OF A JUNGLE "OUTLAW."



ONE OF THE MAN-EATING TIGER'S FAVOURITE DRINKING PLACES: A POOL IN THE DANAULI FOREST RESERVE, CENTRAL PROVINCES OF INDIA.



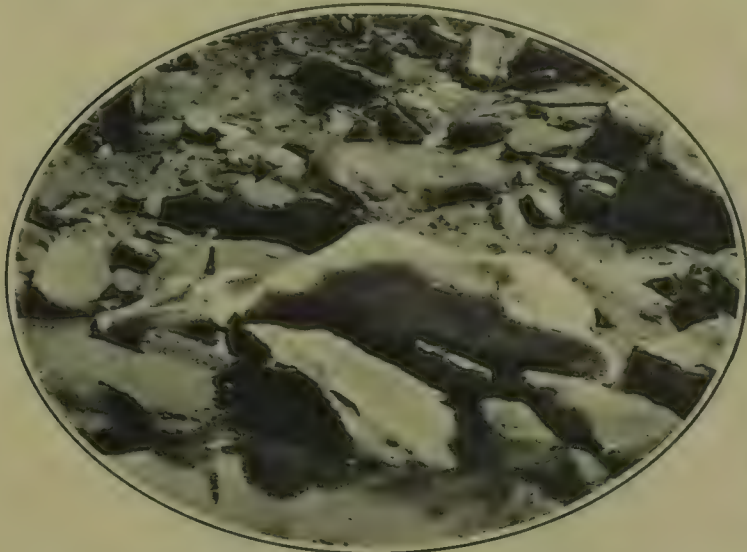
THE HOME OF THE MAN-EATER: JUNGLE HAUNTS OF A TIGER THAT KILLED OVER THIRTY INDIANS IN A FEW MONTHS BEFORE BEING SHOT.



ONE OF THE MAN-EATER'S VICTIMS: THE BODY OF A WOMAN KILLED BY THE TIGER TREED (BY GOND TRACKERS) FOR BURIAL ON THE FOLLOWING DAY.



"SWIFT AND OVERDUE RETRIBUTION TO THE TERROR OF DANAULI": THE BODY OF THE MAN-EATING TIGER, WHICH WAS SHOT, AT A RANGE OF EIGHTEEN YARDS, WHILE DEVOURING A VICTIM.



FOOD DESPISED BY A TIGER WHICH HAS ONCE TAKEN TO MAN-EATING: AN ANIMAL KILLED WHEN THERE WAS NO HUMAN VICTIM AVAILABLE.

The author of the article given on the opposite page, to which the above photographs relate, has told there a story which for sheer heart-stirring thrills it would be difficult to beat. As he says himself, in describing his experiences, "the excitement of four years of war, and many years of peace in the strangest of places, was concentrated in the next quarter of an hour, and easily surpassed"; and again, when he had at last tracked down the jungle "outlaw" after many weeks of search, "it was easily the most intense moment of my life." It will



TIGER DEITIES WHO HAD TO BE PROPITIATED AFTER THE SLAYING OF THE MAN-EATER: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF SUPERSTITIOUS ANIMAL CULTS.

be equally intense for his readers. He summarises the facts of his narrative in a letter sending us the photographs. "They were taken," he says, "during a campaign I undertook in the Central Provinces of India to exterminate a man-eating tiger, which was terrorising the district, and had eaten thirty-two people. Man-eating tigers in India in these civilised days are few and far between, and, in twenty years of leaves spent in tiger-hunting all over India, only once have I got on terms with this most dreaded scourge of the Indian jungle. These photographs are, I think, unique. The man-eater in question—a full-grown male tiger—was eventually shot by me, alone, at eighteen yards, in thick jungle, whither I had stalked the trail of one of his victims whom he was still devouring."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. M. H. HANDLEY, M.C., F.R.G.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

would hardly consider suitable for a child of nine to embroider upon anything so lasting as a sampler—that is, if a child of nine in these latter days could be made to do anything so elaborate. Some of the best bad verse in English literature is to be found stitched in many colours—

"Together let us sweetly live  
Together let us die,  
And each a starry crown receive  
And reign above the sky."

Hopeful, anyway, if not so vigorous as this—

"O, may thy powerful Word  
Inspire a breathing worm.  
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord  
And take it as by storm."

A sententiousness almost Chinese in its prolixity—it might have been written by Mr. Ernest Bramah—is found on this example of 1820—

"Let Prudence admonish thee, let Temperance restrain,  
let Justice guide thy hand, Benevolence warm thy heart  
and gratitude to Heaven inspire thee with devotion. These  
shall give thee happiness in thy present state and bring  
thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise  
of God."

But one is quickly back to doggerel again. We trip along very nicely, thus—

"Teach me what I am by nature  
How to lift my thoughts on high.  
Teach me, O thou Great Creator,  
How to live and how to die."

As for the child of Mangotsfield School—I suppose an orphanage—there is no doubt the wish is expressed in all seriousness, but it is just a little ambiguous—

"For those who kindly founded this  
A better place prepare.  
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss  
And may we meet them there."

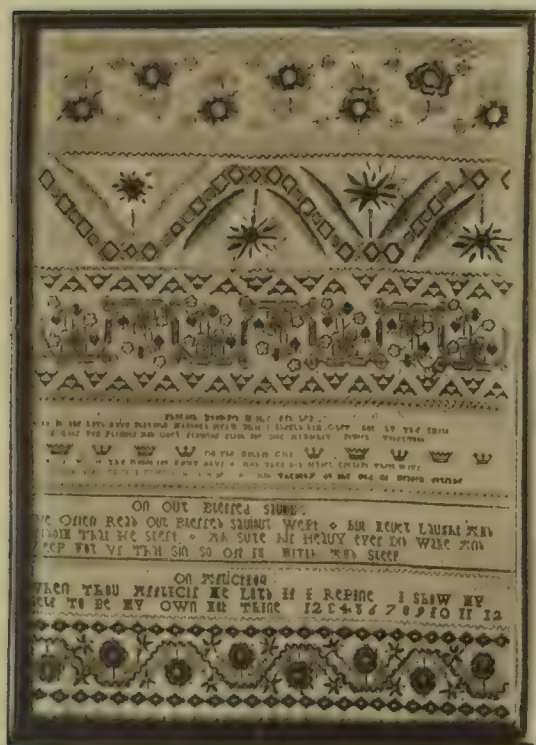
This is no doubt the sort of thing that made our great-great-grandmothers what they were, poor dears, and, one hopes, made them also better able to support with resignation the somewhat barbarous habits of our great-great-grandfathers; but it is permissible to think also that this peculiarly unctuous piety was merely a *motif* of a traditional and tedious task, and that, once it was immortalised in coloured silks, it was left to hang upon the wall of the parlour and never read.

The earlier samplers are free from these charming and pathetic exhortations, and, as has been noticed, are long and narrow (Fig. 2). Perhaps I should have already emphasised how universal was the sampler in the education of the English female infant up to about the 1850's: it was made not merely to test the child's accomplishment, but to give her both experience and a guide to any stitch she might want to use afterwards. There are a fair number of Continental samplers, but on the whole the fashion was far more popular in England than elsewhere in Europe. With the eighteenth century, we begin to

notice a change both in shape and colouring. The latter is brighter, and the former gradually becomes square, or nearly square. Lettering grows more important, and the whole decoration becomes more elaborate. The sampler becomes almost a deliberately designed picture surrounded by a border. This last point is well enough illustrated by Fig. 1—an example of about

## V.—SAMPLERS.

IT is possible to be immensely solemn in writing about samplers. The earliest dated example (of German origin) is of the year 1618. The earliest in existence (undated) is probably one in the London Museum that bears the arms of Elizabeth. There are many of the seventeenth century, more of the eighteenth, and multitudes of the nineteenth. The early ones are generally narrow, the later ones



1. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SAMPLER: AN EXAMPLE OF ABOUT 1700—A SPECIMEN SHOWING LETTERING AND PIOUS SENTIMENTS AS WELL AS STITCHERY.

In an article on this page, the writer notes, of the development of samplers, that "with the eighteenth century we begin to notice a change both in shape and colouring. The latter is brighter, and the former gradually becomes square, or nearly square. Lettering grows more important, and the whole decoration becomes more elaborate."

comparatively broad. The word "Sampler" is derived from the old French "esemplaire" . . . one can keep on like this for a page or so in the most scientific manner, and all the time one sees, not changes of style and tendencies and fashions and alterations of stitch, but thousands upon thousands of little girls painfully and slowly, and sometimes under dire penalties, tiring their eyes and pricking their poor little fingers.

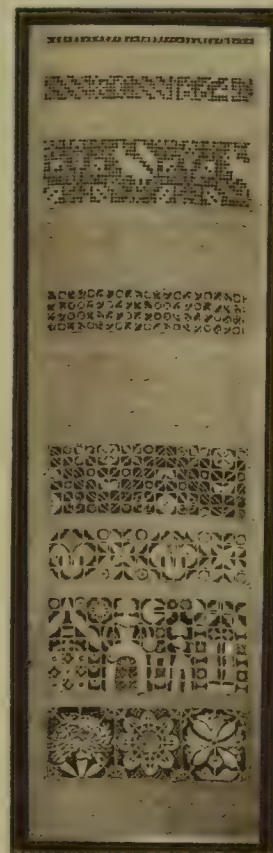
Let us wallow in sentimental retrospect—and admit at the same time that, if the children had not been made to sew such abnormally pious and gloomy sentiments upon their samplers, we should probably merely admire their ingenious work and waste less sympathy upon the atmosphere in which so many of them appear to have lived.

Not every sampler bears the well-known verse—

"When I am dead and laid in grave and all my bones are rotten,

By this I may remembered be, when I should be forgotten."

but there is much other doggerel which moderns



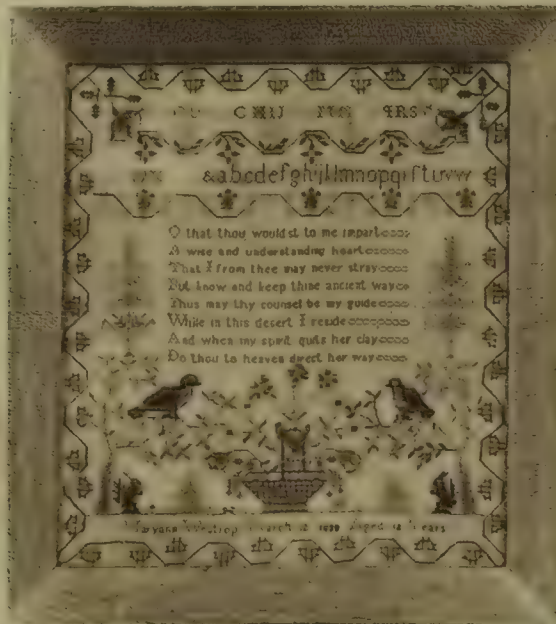
2. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SAMPLER: TWO EARLY SPECIMENS WORKED BY FRANCES CHEYNEY—AN EXAMPLE IN LACE WHICH IS DATED 1664 (24½ x 7½ INCHES); AND (RIGHT) A SAMPLER IN RED, BROWN, AND GREEN, WHICH IS DATED 1663. (23½ x 7½ INCHES.)

These early samplers, it will be observed, are long and narrow and lack the charming and pathetic exhortations and pious verses usually associated with the typical eighteenth- or nineteenth-century sampler.

All Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody.

1700—and the quite late Fig. 3 B of 1838. Lace samplers, such as the one illustrated, are very rarely found in the eighteenth century. After about 1775 the map sampler became popular, and the child could learn geography and how to sew letters and borders at one and the same time.

Designs are distinctly stereotyped and cramped as the nineteenth century proceeds, until they lose any interest whatever in a dreary series of the alphabet in various stitches—interest, that is, from the decorative as apart from the purely technical point of view of the expert in needlework.



3. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SAMPLER: LATER EXAMPLES—A SPECIMEN DATED 1774; ONE DATED 1838 AND SHOWING THE TRACES OF A DELIBERATE DESIGN (CENTRE); AND (RIGHT) ONE WORKED WITH ALPHABETS AND NUMERALS.

The sampler played a large part in the education of the average English girl up to about the 1850's. It was made not merely to test the child's accomplishments, but to give her experience and act as a guide to any stitch she might want to use afterwards. The centre one of the three illustrated here is an elaborate affair—ranking almost as a deliberately designed needlework picture surrounded by a border.



# PORTRAITS AND SUBJECT PICTURES OF DISTINCTION.



"PORTRAIT OF — CROFT, ESQ." BY J. S. COPLEY, R.A. (1737-1815). (29½ in. by 24½ in.)



"PORTRAIT OF LADY MEXBOROUGH." BY DANIEL GARDNER (1750-1805). (Gouache; 37½ in. by 28 in.)

# NOTABLE WORKS BY OLD MASTERS TO BE AUCTIONED.



"WILLIAM JOHN, EARL OF ANCRAH." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). (29 in. by 24 in.)



"PHEASANT-SHOOTING." BY J. N. SARTORIUS (c.1755-1828). (Signed, and dated 1805; 32 in. by 44 in.)



"SIR PETER LEICESTER, BT., AND COL. CLAYTON SHOOTING IN TABLEY PARK." BY ARTHUR DEVIS (c. 1711-1787). (Signed, and dated 1763; 39 in. by 50 in.)



"PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ABERCROMBY, ESQ., OF GLASSAUGH." BY GILBERT STUART (1754-1828). (29 in. by 24 in.)

THE pictures here reproduced are to come under the hammer at Christie's on June 12, after the sale of the Henry Hirsch Collection. Concerning some of them, the following notes are of interest. J. S. Copley was born in Boston, Massachusetts, of English and Irish parentage. He gained distinction in his 'teens. In 1774 he left America, never to return there; and two years later he was elected an A.R.A.—William John, Earl of Ancram, afterwards became fifth Marquess of Lothian, K.T. Lady Wilhelmina Emilia Kerr, afterwards the wife of Captain John MacLeod, was his sister. She is seen in one of the pictures on this page.—In the

[Continued opposite.



"A VIEW AT VENICE." BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). (19½ in. by 30 in.)



"SHARINGTON DAVENPORT, ESQ., WITH HIS SPORTING FRIENDS." BY PHILIPPE LE MERCIER (1689-1760). (67 in. by 77 in.)



"PORTRAIT OF LADY WILHELMINA EMILIA KERR." BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (29 in. by 24 in.)

[Continued.]

Arthur Devis painting, Sir Peter Leicester is on the left.—Gilbert Stuart, the artist, was born in the State of Rhode Island, but came to England in early manhood, and speedily earned a high reputation. He returned to America in 1793, and died in Boston in 1828.—The "View at Venice" is of the entrance to the Guidecca, with the island of San Giorgio Maggiore seen in the centre and the Doge's Palace in the distance.—In the "Sharington Davenport," Davenport is seen standing on the right. Seated on a mound are Lord Forrester and Lord Lyttleton. A favourite servant is reclining in the foreground; and two grooms with horses are in the background.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## EYES OF MOLLUSCS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

DURING the next few months those who have a fondness for outdoor natural history, and a little leisure, are to be envied. And more especially will this be true of those who can spend their time in exploring rock-pools by the sea. A certain amount of "collecting" is inevitable, but the value of the specimens captured will be immensely increased if a very considerable amount of time is taken in watching, instead of catching, the occupants of these pools, and taking careful records in a

clad, apparently in armour-plate formed of a series of overlapping shields, are remarkable for the enormous number of their eyes, which in some species may amount to thousands. These are arranged in a diagonal line over the surface of the plates, and are most numerous on the head-shield. But, curiously enough, some species, and among them those of our shores, are eyeless. It would be worth while to study the conditions of existence between the two types. One would have supposed that

if eyes were necessary to some they would be equally necessary to all. On this theme of dorsal eyes more must be said presently.

Among the univalve molluscs the eyes are commonly paired, and placed either at the tips of the hinder pair of tentacles, or "horns," as in the common snail, at or the base of the tentacles, as in many aquatic types such as the whelk. But they are of a quite simple type. The most efficient of all eyes among the mollusca are those of the octopuses and cuttlefish, wherein they attain to a complexity approaching to that of the vertebrate eye. In

all other mollusca the eyes are so small as to be unrecognisable, as such, by the inexpert. But in any of the cephalopods they are a very conspicuous feature, on account of their great size. No one gazing at an octopus, for example, can avoid the evil-looking stare which they always have. In structure these eyes present a cornea, a crystalline lens surrounded by an iris, a great space for the "vitreous humour" behind the lens, a retina, and an optic nerve—an eye, in short, much like that of our own. And, as might be supposed, their vision is fairly acute; which is not the case with any other of the mollusca, where the eyes can do no more than distinguish light from darkness.

That the sight of the octopus is really good, and backed by intelligent behaviour, is shown by the skill it displays in catching crabs. Hiding in a crevice or under a boulder, it waits till the prospective victim is within range, when a tentacle is thrown out with its tip neatly coiled. It is then gently unrolled towards the crab, till with a flick the suckers close on the body, which is swiftly drawn into the lair. Another case is recorded of an octopus which was seen with a stone held by the suckers of one of its arms and watching a bivalve, a *Pinna*. As soon as the shell opened, with incredible speed and accuracy the stone was thrust in. Unable to close the valves, the soft-bodied victim fell an easy prey.

And now I want to revert to a brief outline of the case of *Oncidium*, one of the univalve mollusca which has no

shell and the back studded with minute eyes. They are thus of no use, save as enabling the creature to distinguish light and shade. But these eyes are said to be found only upon those species which live in regions inhabited by that extraordinary fish, *Periophthalmus*, a species of goby shown in Fig. 2. Mango-swamps are swarming with them, where they sit about on the branches and roots; but they are by no means restricted to such areas. They can skip along the surface of the water in a series of jumps, clearing as much as a foot at a time, preferring this way of escape from their enemies to swimming. But they seem to spend most of their time out of the water, chasing insects along the shore. They seem to have a preference for this curious mollusc, *Oncidium*. Being extremely sluggish and having no shell, they would fall an easy prey but for the fact that they can eject a fine irritant spray from glands studded over the back. Should any of this fall on the very prominent upstanding eyes of the would-be captor, an end is promptly put to the chase.

*Oncidium*, however, must have a warning of approach, and this is given by the eyes. As I have said, these can do little more than respond to light and shade. But that is enough. As the fish comes bounding along, its dark body is just perceived by the dorsal eyes. The body instantly contracts, and this has the effect of forcing the contents of the glands out of the skin. This story was



1. THE PASSIVE PREY IN A SINGULAR CONTEST OF EYES: AN *ONCIDIUM*, WHICH IS ATTACKED BY THE "MUDSKIPPER" SEEN IN FIG. 2, AND PARTLY DEFENDS FOR ITS SAFETY ON THE NUMEROUS MINUTE EYES THAT STUD ITS BACK.

There are many species of this genus, ranging the world over from our own seas to those of the Tropics; but those which have to counter the attacks of the Mudskipper, or Amphibious Goby, are said to have dorsal eyes. These are considered to be sensitive enough to perceive the shadow of the leaping fish's body before it gains striking distance. The body of the *Oncidium* instantly contracts, and this has the effect of forcing an irritant spray out of glands studded over the back. Should any of this fall on the very prominent, upstanding eyes of the attacking Mudskipper, an end is promptly put to the chase.

note-book of what goes on, since by this means most valuable information will be gathered as to the correlations between structure and habits.

It would be well worth while, for example, to make a special point of studying the behaviour of the occupants of any given pool when suddenly frightened by the shadow of the would-be observer as he leans down over the water, taking special note of which are the first to respond, what is the nature of that response, and what are the species which give no sign of disturbance. If absolute quiet is maintained, those which fled will return, one by one. Which are the first to return, and after what interval? And is this behaviour persistent after several such alarms?

For the most part these creatures get their warning through their eyes. Yet this does not necessarily mean that they even indistinctly see the cause of their alarm. Some respond to a shadow thrown by a passing cloud. In this matter of eyes, it is evident, there are wide differences, and hereby we may gather some valuable data as to the origin and development of eyes in various groups of the animal kingdom.

Our conception of eyes connotes a head in which they are set, whether we are thinking of butterflies or of birds. Nevertheless, eyes are by no means necessarily confined to the head. In that sumptuously coloured mollusc, the *pecten*, or "scallop," for example, there is a whole ring of eyes set around the margin of the mantle both of the upper and lower valves. These are plainly marked in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 3). They, however, are of such simple structure that they cannot do more than respond to the influence of light. That, we say, is their *function*. But that statement conveys very little information. Wherever we find an eye, however simple its structure, there we may safely postulate association with a nerve. This scallop will rest quite motionless, with its shell partly open and the eyes exposed, as in the photograph. The stimulus of light, then, if it is felt at all, must be of a negative character. But the momentary absence of light will cause the instant closing of the shell. Thereby danger to the soft body is averted.

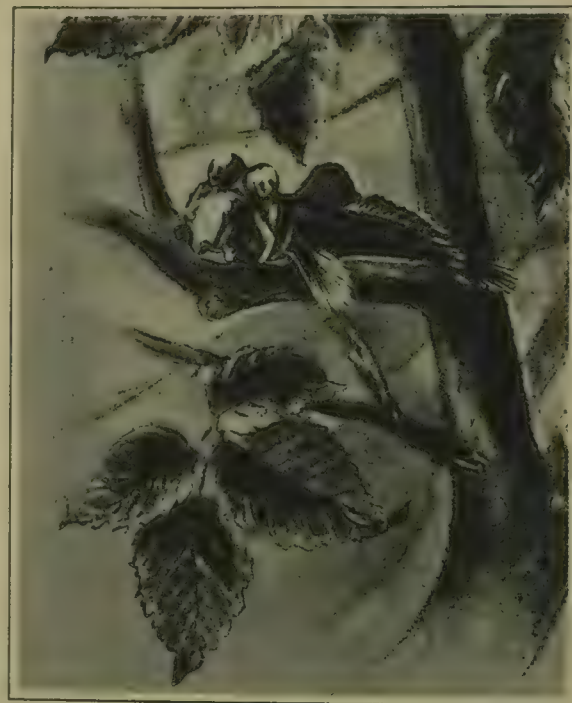
Those strange molluscs, the chitons, which one finds, if sharp eyes are used, clinging to rocks at low water, and



3. THE *PECTEN*, OR SCALLOP—A CREATURE WITH NUMEROUS EYES: THE MOLLUSC WITH SHELL PARTLY OPENED—THE EYES SHOWING AS AN UPPER AND LOWER LINE OF BLACK DOTS.

The scarlet foot and fluted red shell of this handsome mollusc are often to be seen in the fishmonger's shop. But the ring of eyes round the edges of the mantle can only be effectively observed in the living animal; in this photograph they appear as an upper and lower ring of black dots. A scallop can swim by rapidly opening and closing the valves of its shell.

Photograph by F. W. Bond.



2. THE LEAPING ATTACKER IN A SINGULAR CONTEST OF EYES: A "MUDSKIPPER," OR AMPHIBIOUS GOBY (*PERIOPHTHALMUS*) WITH PROMINENT EYES, WHICH PREYS UPON *ONCIDIUM* (FIG. 1) IN SPITE OF THE RISK OF BEING SPRAYED BY AN IRRITANT JUICE SQUIRTED FROM THE MOLLUSC'S BACK.

The Mudskipper passes a large part of its life out of the water, and is found in great numbers in mango-swamps, where it climbs on to the aerial roots and even the branches. It feeds upon insects, but seems particularly to relish the mollusc *Oncidium*. How the mollusc depends on the minute eyes which cover its back, and on an irritant spray, in defending itself from the attacks of the leaping Mudskipper is noted under Fig. 1 and described in an article on this page.

first promulgated, I believe, by Professor Karl Semper, and he was a writer of repute. Yet I should like to see further observations made on this relationship. One would have supposed that *Periophthalmus* would rapidly learn the probable pains and penalties of chasing this mollusc and would leave it severely alone. It may be, however, that the deliciousness of such a juicy morsel as *Oncidium* would make begets an indifference to consequences. In this case, however, the value of the spray is largely discounted.

But the sprayer, probably, is often taken unawares. In this case the spray assumes a value, since it ensures that a sufficient number of individuals successfully run the gauntlet and survive to breed, thus keeping the race alive and at the same time providing sustenance for *Periophthalmus*. Where, among the molluscs, there are no eyes of any kind, the skin, as in the case of other eyeless animals, is sensitive to light. Such as are "positively heliotropic" emerge with the dawn; while such as are "negatively heliotropic" go into hiding at daybreak and come out to feed while the rest of the world sleeps. Here lies a theme which must be revived another day.





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## THE MARRIAGE OF BOTANY AND GEOLOGY.

(Continued from Page 912.)

hard for him to descend to that pre-Cambrian stratum (as it were) from which most of us are obliged to survey the towering edifice of accumulated scientific research. Dr. Seward inserts plenty of explanatory matter; the clue to the labyrinth is there all right, but only patience and application will enable the general reader to make use of it. He can admire the scores of lovely photographs; he can pick up a fact here and there; but if he means to understand the details, or even the general drift, of Dr. Seward's book, he must be prepared to transform himself from a common reader into a student. He must not accept too complacently the author's generous estimate of his capacity.

"The wonder and admiration awakened by contemplation of the plant world," Dr. Seward writes in his concluding paragraph, "are the expression of our æsthetic sense; they have their source in our power of response to the stimulating influence of the beauty of Nature's handicraft. No knowledge of botany or no backward glance into the past is needed to produce the response. In one of his books, W. H. Hudson, writing of an apple-tree in blossom, says, 'It is like nothing on earth, unless we say that, indescribable in its loveliness, it is like all other sights in Nature which awake in us a sense of the supernatural.' The present, it has been said, is the key to the past; but it may be urged, with at least equal truth, that the past is the key to the present. A knowledge of the past, however imperfect, adds to the attractiveness of the present: in the present we see the drama of Nature in progress; as we decipher the lamentably incomplete, though wonderful record of past ages, our enthusiasm and imagination are quickened. We long to know what was and how the present has been evolved from the past. The more we know, the more conscious we become of the little we really know: the passion for the search grows as we read the story of creation."

It is possible to delight in flowers without being a botanist; it may be possible to delight in botany without being sensitive to the beauty of flowers. The æsthetic sense, though recurrent, is easily surfeited; the thirst for knowledge is enduring. For the general reader, one great merit of Dr. Seward's book is that the flowers bloom freshly through it; two tremendous pressures, the physical weight of

the earth's crust, the imponderable but scarcely less formidable weight of human erudition, have failed to crush their fragility or destroy their fragrance. The flower has been plucked from the crannied wall and persuaded to yield up something of its secret, but it has not withered in the process; it has taken fresh life from Dr. Seward's creative analysis.

L. P. H.

## RUSSIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

A TRIUMPH FOR SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

A RUSSIAN opera that had never been performed in England before, "The Tzar's Fiancée," by Rimsky-Korsakov, given on the second night of Sir Thomas Beecham's season at the Lyceum, was rather overshadowed by the production, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, of Borodin's "Prince Igor" on the third night. Borodin's "Prince Igor" is the composer's only opera, and, in my opinion, it is so enormously superior to every other Russian opera (with the exception of "Boris Godounov") that is known to us that one can only regret Borodin's premature death in 1887 in the prime of life.

As with most Russian operas, the choruses form a most important element, but the choruses in "Prince Igor" are of a sustained musical variety and vigour that constantly surprise one. The music of the fourth act in the Polovtsian camp is familiar to English audiences from the frequent performance by Diaghilev of the ballet, but never in the palmiest days of the Russian Ballet was there given so electrifying a performance as that under Sir Thomas Beecham on Wednesday. We all know that there are times when Sir Thomas Beecham can conduct with unsurpassable verve, and give a performance that can only be called inspired. This was such an occasion, and I must add that he had magnificent material to work with. The choruses not only sang superbly, not only did the ballet corps dance magnificently, but the whole scene was stage-managed by Alexander Sanine, of the Moscow Imperial Theatre, in an absolutely first-rate style. This ballet, set in its right place with the choruses, is far more effective than when isolated from the opera, but it would be wrong ever to consider this scene the finest in the opera.

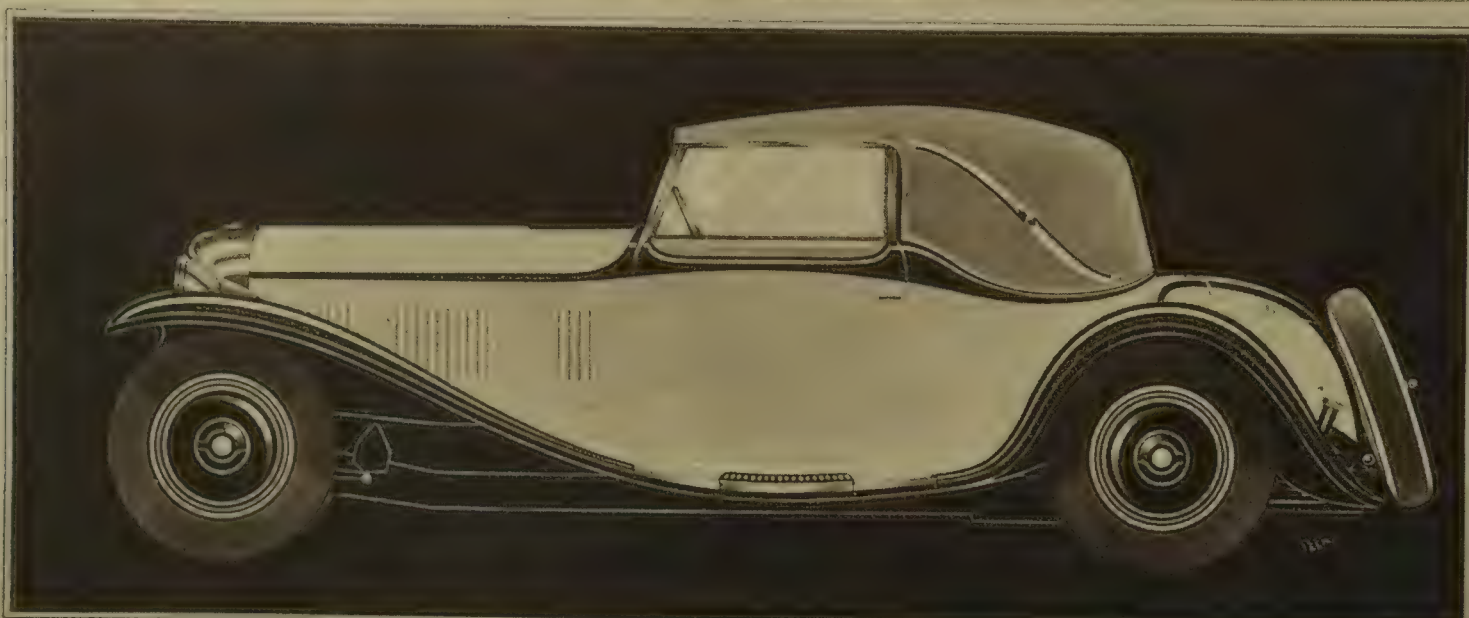
The scene of the attack on Pontiole in Act III. is another magnificent piece of choral writing, but

Borodin not only surpasses in these scenes of massed spectacle all other Russian composers (with the already mentioned exception of Moussorgsky), he also is equally felicitous in the lyrical scenes of the Princess Jaroslavna and of Prince Wladimir and Princess Kontchakovna in the Polovtsian camp. The singing of Mme. Jacovleff and Mme. Rebene was admirable in these rôles, as was that of the tenor, T. Ritch. A magnificent bass, M. Gitovsky, took and looked the part of the formidable Khan Kontchak; but perhaps the most outstanding performance was that of M. Steschenko as the drunken and debauched Prince Galitzky. This was a piece of such superb acting and singing that one realises how wonderfully gifted Russian singers and actors are, and what a high standard they set. It is no wonder they can produce a Chaliapine when the level of such artists—until now unknown to us—as these is so high. Special mention must also be made of Messrs. Oksansky and Lavretzky, as the two comic "bagpipe players." Borodin has made of them wonderfully engaging characters, and shows a remarkably rich vein of humour in creating these attractive ragamuffins, and their performance could hardly have been bettered.

Altogether, "Prince Igor" under Sir Thomas Beecham is a magnificent production, absolutely first-class in every respect. It is a pity the same cannot be said of Rimsky-Korsakov's rather dreary opera "The Tzar's Fiancée." One cannot help wondering why Sir Thomas Beecham chose this dry, manufactured product, so completely lacking in spontaneity or beauty, from among Rimsky-Korsakov's many operas. It was, apart from other considerations, a piece of bad policy, for it made the second night of the Russian Opera season a rather depressing affair. Rimsky-Korsakov is not, in my opinion, as highly gifted a composer naturally as either Borodin or Moussorgsky, but he is capable of great ingenuity. In "The Tzar's Fiancée" he has a plot which is absurd, without being fantastic or strange enough to help his rather bizarre talent. The setting and scenery by Bilbine was, as in all the other Russian productions so far, excellent, and the choruses and principals were good; but the opera never really came to life, but was merely carried along by a sort of mechanical and automatic energy. Dargomij'sky's "Roussalka," with which the season opened, was, from a musical point of view, a much more interesting, because more instinctive and genuine, production.

W. J. TURNER.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

NEW cars nowadays from fresh makers are novelties that no one can afford to miss, even if only to record the courage of those entering a most competitive business. The latest is an entirely new sports car styled the Alta, with a four-cylinder 1100 c.c. overhead-valve engine, rated at 8.7 h.p., with a bore of 60 mm., a stroke of 95 mm., and a compression ratio of 7.6 to 1. In a bench test this has given 49 brake-horse-power at 5200 revolutions per minute, which sufficiently indicates fine workmanship and well-balanced moving parts. I am informed that this Alta engine will turn up to 6200 revolutions per minute as its maximum safety limit. As it produces a speed of sixty miles an hour on top gear, turning over at 3200 revolutions per minute, I need not state that, for a small-rated car, it is very quick. If I were a young man and had a spare £350 to purchase this two-seating touring sports car, its makers, the Alta Car and Engineering Company, Ltd., Fuller's Way, Kingston By-pass, Surbiton, Surrey, would certainly have this sum in exchange for this new sports car of theirs, as I believe it would be a good pleasure-giving investment. Also this price is not dear for the goods.

It is a very up-to-date design and has a number of interesting features. For instance, the sparking-plugs are protected from getting the electrodes or points oiled up. The points are masked by the cylinder walls as the plug holes of the cylinders taper at the combustion chamber, so as to allow only the plug points to project, but there is no pocket to collect oil. Ordinary plug holes are the same diameter (as the part screwed in) all the way through, from the outside to the inside of each cylinder. This "masking" permits any good standard plug to be used in place of "specials" for high-compression engines.

Motorists are fully aware that aluminium cylinder-heads improve engines considerably, but are expensive as compared with cast iron, as no doubt Rolls Royce, Ltd., who fit these on their standard productions, would tell those who asked them. In this

new four-cylinder Alta, the cylinder-head, cylinder-block, crank-case, and sump are all of aluminium alloy, so that the complete engine unit weighs only 120 lb. Shrunk into the cylinder-block are cast-iron liners for the cylinder-bores, the pistons being

of a magnesium alloy with domed heads, fully floating gudgeon-pin, and three piston-rings, the lowest of which is slotted and acts as a scraper. This, of course, is not new, but one only sees it done in very high-class efficient engines of an expensive character mostly in use for aircraft.

A nitralloy steel crankshaft with four main bearings, the three forward ones having plain and the back one a ball bearing, is fitted with the shaft drilled throughout its entire length for lubrication under high pressure. This is effected by a large gear-pump submerged low in the sump, and pumping the lubricant at 120 lb. per square inch whether the engine is "revving" fast or just idling. Aluminium alloy connecting-rods are used, while nitralloy steel is employed for the camshaft and the water-pump shaft, as well as for certain important parts in the steering and brake gear. The four-speed gearbox, two Solex or Amal carburettors, and automatic advance ignition, with two 12-volt batteries, are other technical features. In appearance this car rather favours the Lea-Francis, as its radiator slants backwards. Also the combined Rotax dynamo and starting motor is mounted direct on the front end of the crankshaft, giving silent starting. With a low beetle-back two-seating body having a concealed hood and pneumatic upholstery, and with its underslung suspension, this Alta 9-h.p. sports car is very smart.



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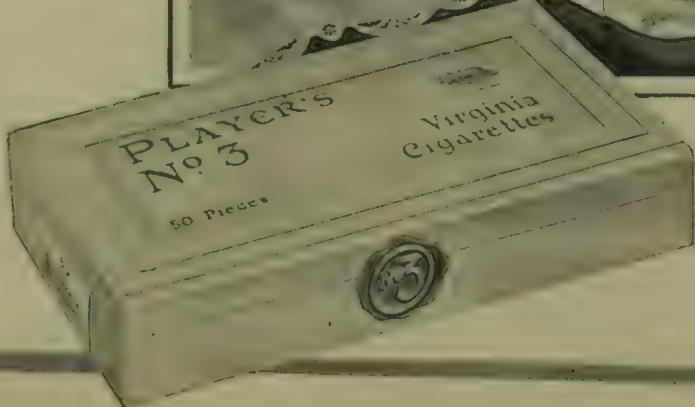
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### How Engines Grow Bigger.

It is very amusing to the on-looker of motor progress to note how a successful small engine grows bigger and bigger. Take, for instance, the first small six-cylinder Talbot. It has grown in stages from just over 1½ litres to nearly 3 litres, because its patrons, I presume, have asked for something faster. The three "105" Talbots which ran in the "Double Twelve" hours race at Brooklands have a capacity of 2970 cc. Last year these cars were "75" and had engines of 2276 cc., I admit, to run in the three-litre class which included the old motors, so that it is better to have one's motor as near as possible to the full size permitted. But it is this demand by the public for just that little extra

[Continued overleaf.]

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bit of speed which has caused their growth. It was the same with the three-litre Bentley. It topped its class very quickly, and then its patrons wanted more and more speed, and so to-day it has developed from 3 litres to 8 litres. And it is the best 8-litre unsupercharged car in the market to-day for smooth running at 100 miles an hour on ordinary roads, with a Weymann saloon body. Even Morris fell for the same urge, as the original Morris of 1550 c.c. was well under 2 litres; but, although retained in its original form as one model, Sir William has developed the Major "Six" and Oxford "Six" of 1938 c.c., and the Isis of 2468 c.c. Also the M.G. Midget now has grown in the M.G. "Six" Sports from 846 c.c. to 2468 c.c., as its public wanted a larger car because of their excellent opinion of the small one. The M.G. Midgets which race have had their engines cut down to 748 c.c. to get them into Class H, in which 750 c.c. is the limit. These, however, are the exceptions to an almost universal rule—small cars grow to bigger ones.

#### Riley Club Golf Prizes.

The owners of Riley cars have formed themselves into a club which has only been in existence for a few years, but which nevertheless can boast that it is the largest one-car club in the world. This club organises very many motor sporting events, but its latest move is the inauguration of a golf competition. The proposition is that every Riley Club member who is also a golfer shall play a single round (medal play), on his own course on some convenient date during May, June, or July; that the score shall be recorded by a fellow member of the club on a special Riley Motor Club card. The card shall be signed by the member and countersigned by the golf club secretary, and then forwarded to the hon. secretary of the Riley Motor Club, "Koyama," Lichfield Road, Sutton Coldfield. The necessary cards are obtainable from the hon. secretary on application. For the purpose of the competition, England, Scotland, and Wales are being divided into twelve sections. The two players in each section with the best nett scores will qualify for the major competition, which will be arranged on a centrally situated course over thirty-six holes on some week-end in September. In addition to a silver challenge bowl, other prizes will be awarded, so that this competition should do much to popularise the club.

(Continued in Column Three.)

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#### A Million Tyres in Two Years.

Some hundreds of British work-people are engaged in producing Firestone gum-dipped tyres, and for many months past both day and night shifts have been continuously employed to cope with the demand. Now already this factory at Brentford, on the new West Road, has built its millionth tyre, although it has only existed and been making tyres for about 2½ years. This is therefore a very considerable achievement in high-production methods, and also proves the advantage to British workers of the McKenna Duties compelling the American company to build their tyres in England if they want to sell them in this country. Firestone tyres are making further headway, and it is only a few months ago that an additional 50,000 superficial feet was added to this already large factory.

#### A READER'S RECORD FOR THE WEEK.

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THE SILHOUETTE OF 1931: THE HAIR KEEPS THE LINE OF THE HEAD, AND IS WAVED AND CURLED WITH DISCRETION. A CHARMING COIFFURE BY EMILE.



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The history of hairdressing shows so many vacillations from the two rival influences of false versus real hair that it would not be surprising to find elaborate head-dresses reappearing once again. The simplicity of the Greeks influenced the mediæval coiffures for a few centuries, but by the time of Louis XVI. the extravagances of the "poudré" period had penetrated every Court in Europe. At one time these "poufs," or towering head-dresses, were the resting-place of anything expressive of the wearer's taste, harbouring

birds, dolls, flowers, hunting figures, dogs, and even vegetables, culminating in model boats in full sail. The war banished finally elaborate coiffures, and brought in the vogue for short hair. The historical coiffures in the interesting photographs above have been carried out with strict attention to detail by Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W. Permanent waving and tinting are important branches of modern hairdressing, and they are carried out to perfection by Phyllis Earle, of 32, Dover Street, W., whose staff is composed of experts in every branch of hairdressing.

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## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 914.)

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G. F. H.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE CRIME AT BLOSSOMS," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THIS is an unusual play, amusingly satirising the morbid curiosity of those ghouls who flock to the scene of any tragedy. The Merrymans were hard up, and to retrench they let their cottage for a few months while they stayed with relatives. But one terrible morning the two tenants were found dead in the sitting-room, in a position that suggested murder and suicide. When the Merrymans returned, they were at first annoyed by the persistent intrusions of souvenir-seekers, each longing to see the exact spot where the bodies were discovered. This gives Mrs. Merryman an idea, and soon she is running the cottage on a business basis. Half-hourly charabanc excursions are run from a neighbouring town for the benefit of the curious; admission, one shilling a head, no reduction for children; souvenirs are on sale (including the last pen used by the dead woman—these are bought by the gross), while the *clou* of the entertainment is when the curtains are drawn aside, disclosing Mrs. Merryman in the purple robes of a tragedy queen, when she proceeds in awful tones to narrate the story of the crime. Its satire on the foibles of the public may prevent its popularity with the many, but it certainly is excellent caviare for the few. I, at least, enjoyed it immensely. It is brilliantly acted by Miss Joyce Bland as Mrs. Merryman, and Mr. Colin Clive gives a real Charles Hawtreyish performance as her husband.

## "THE GOOD COMPANIONS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's novel was a higgledy-piggledy affair, and in their adaptation for the theatre the

authors have been content to throw sixteen scenes from it on the stage. The result, from the technical point of view, may not be great drama, but it is undeniably first-class entertainment. There is a perfect first scene, in which Jess Oakroyd leaves home (one wishes Frank Pettingell's Sam Oglethorpe could have accompanied); the incident in Washbury Manor School, which decides Inigo Jollifant to take to the road; a wayside meeting with Miss Trant (as dull on the stage as she is in the book), and the meeting with the Dinky Doos Concert-Party at the Rawsley Assembly Rooms. Most of the fifty characters we see in the play are so perfectly played that one could wish that this were a Chinese drama, so that we could follow their fortunes for weeks to come. As Jess Oakroyd, Mr. Edward Chapman gave a fine performance; he was the shrewd, self-contained, self-respecting tradesman to the life. Miss Adele Dixon was an ideal Susie Dean. Mr. Julian Wylie's production was perfect; the sixteen scenes were presented with cinema-like rapidity, while the handling of the fair scenes was a brilliant piece of work.

## "THE MILLIONAIRE KID," AT THE GAIETY.

Mr. Laddie Cliff's latest musical comedy is so much like its predecessors that one wonders why he has troubled to change more than the title of the book and music. There isn't an original incident, and scarcely a line, in the entire book, and at least one that would be incredibly vulgar, were it not so school-boyishly in tune with the rest of the humour. The scenery by Joseph and Phil Harker is, as usual, unexcitingly competent; with one rather pretty set for the last scene, however. The dresses are charming and the wearers up to Gaiety standards. Whether

(Continued overleaf.)

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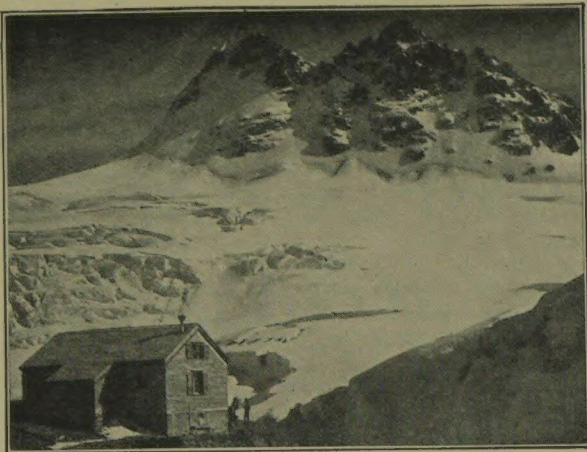
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*Continued.*

the comedians will amuse you depends on whether you can stand an entire evening of knockabout humour. Mr. Laddie Cliff darts about agilely enough, and contrives to look depressingly solemn throughout his performance. Mr. Barry Lupino is so much like every other Lupino since 1784, when Georgio, of that ilk, burst into fame as an acrobatic dancer, that it is difficult to say anything new of him. Mr. Barry Lupino was due, we are told, to make his first appearance at the Gaiety thirty years ago; broke his contract with George Edwardes, and went to America. So that he has only himself to blame that in 1931 a West-End audience finds little new in his tricks. Still, he is amusing enough in his way, and most of the first-night audience rewarded his effort with a deal of laughter. Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Ritchard played their accustomed rôles of stage lovers, and danced a ballet between themselves with superb solemnity. Miss Vera Bryer was a delightful minor heroine. To quote, for the last time: If this is the sort of show you like, this is the sort of show you'll like.

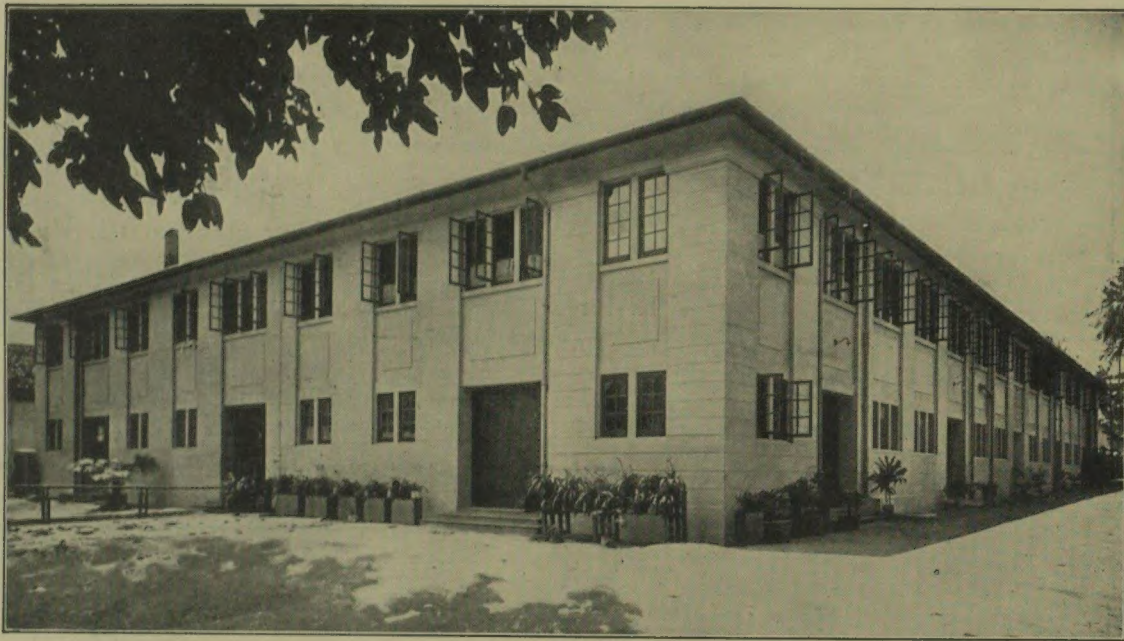
#### "THE OLD MAN," AT WYNDHAM'S.

When a mysterious fire broke out at Arranways, the lady of the house was spending the midnight hours in the bed-room of a guest. He, rightly or

wrongly, assumed that she would prefer death to dishonour, and so, when rescued in an asphyxiated condition, left her behind to roast rather than announce her presence in his room. Happily, the landlord of a neighbouring inn was at hand to rescue her in a surreptitious manner. Her husband, the Earl, suspected the liaison, and spent the next two acts wandering around in a somewhat vague manner, trying to obtain confirmation of his worst fears. These acts, which, owing to the fire, took place in the local inn, were not very exciting. The Earl was such an uninteresting person that his wife's unfaithfulness was not surprising. Nor did the seducer interest us very much; a burglar in business hours, a black-mailer at odd moments, and a very cheap and nasty person all the time, one only wondered why, when he was left for dead with his throat cut, anyone wanted to abduct his corpse. There was a curious old man who crept about on dark nights in a blaze of electricity; a reformed burglar who risked gaol to replace stolen goods on the precise spot on the sideboard from which he had purloined them. And then there was Miss Maisie Gay's Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris had nothing at all to do with the play; she was just an interpolated character; she could have been cut right out without the need for altering a vital cue. From the point of view of drama, she was a mistake, for

she blew away with gusts of laughter whatever interest in the play we might have had. But I rejoiced in her presence, for when she was not on the stage I found the entertainment on the dull side.

The annual medical tour to spas and other health resorts in Italy, in which each year a larger number of British doctors take part, will be held from Sept. 18 to Oct. 2. It is organised by the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.) and will be accompanied, as hitherto, by an English-speaking Italian doctor of medicine. The journey in Italy is performed by special train composed of first-class carriages (no night travel). Accommodation is provided at first-class hotels, and a special staff takes charge of the baggage. A programme of receptions, local sightseeing, entertainments, etc., in each place has been arranged, and many notable towns will be visited. Each doctor may take a relative, and special railway tickets will be provided to enable participants to make a tour of Italy upon completion of the official programme. Full information is obtainable from Major W. Stormont, Delegate for Great Britain of the Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1.



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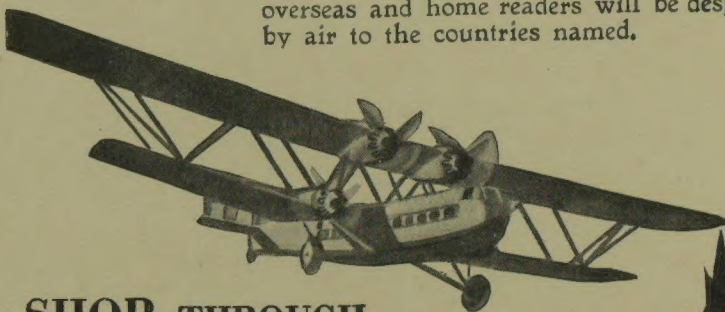
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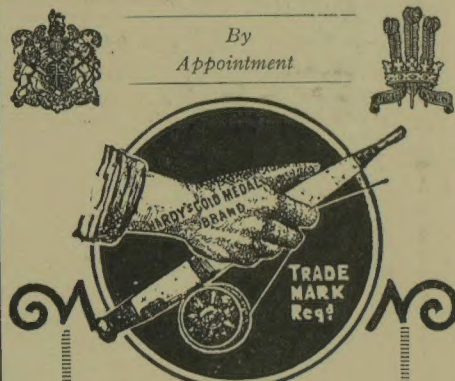
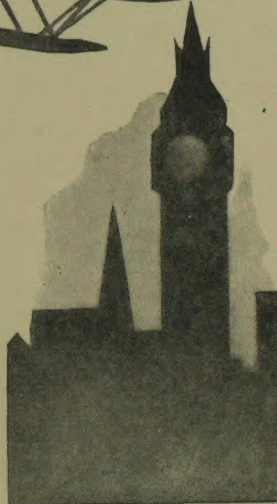
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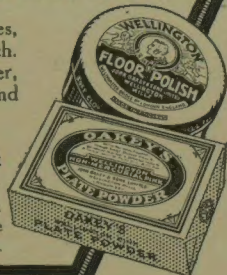
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